THE CANE RIDGE MEETING-HOUSE

TYPICAL VIEW OF CANE RIDGE.

The Cane Ridge Meeting-house

By

JAMES R. ROGERS

To which
is appended the Autobiography
of

B. W. STONE

And a Sketch
of

DAVID PURVIANCE

By

WILLIAM ROGERS

SECOND

EDITION

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PROEM

"Here is a region rare and radiant. Hunt all merry England for vales of peace; search all New England for valleys of plenty, and there will not come to your finding such reaches of beauteous landscape. Gently descending from the Cumberland plateau, which forms the western flank of the Kentucky mountain region, are numberless winsome hills and entrancing valleys. In the heart of all this wondrous garden is the 'bluegrass' country. On its breast, like a noble rose or a lustrous jewel, rests the royal county of Bourbon.

"Its soil, like that of the far valley of Guines, is exhaustless in opulence. The forests are mighty sentinels of peace. Its pasturage is the envy of a continent. Its streams are as ribbons of silver flashing from velvet of green. Its sinuous highways are poems in thoroughfares. Its fountains and streams, unkempt by man, leap murmurously from a myriad rocks and roadside coverts. Its fine stone walls and rail fences are idyls to pastoral toil. All its seasons round are Arcadian. Here the spring is an ecstasy of bud and bloom and song. Summers are nature's psalms of God. The autumn is splendid in its housings of the fruited world. Its very winters are balm. Its mansions have that largeness and amplitude which gladden the heart. They possess that age which engenders and hallows honest home pride and love. The firesides are inglenooks of largeness and content. The women of these homes are American types,

most glorious in physical perfection and winsome in gracious courtliness. The men of these homes are noble of frame, strong of arm, brave of heart and lofty of soul. Who enters here leaves care behind. Who remains is rested and healed. Who comes and tarries and goes has mended his pace and carried back into his workaday world a better content and a safer calm."

CANE RIDGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF A FAITH

The story of a birthplace of a faith had its conception and realization here at Cane Ridge. The mutations of time have emphasized their sad effects upon the fortunes of her congregations. Her worthy offspring on all sides of the parental roof have so absorbed her territory and restricted her membership that, bowing her hoary head in submission to the inevitable, she bestows a mother's blessing upon their increasing numbers in their chosen fields of Christian endeavor. Fashioned by pioneers on heroic lines, with proud resignation she calmly awaits her inevitable fate.

CANE RIDGE CHURCH.

The Cane Ridge Meeting-house

CHAPTER I.

The Cane Ridge Meeting-house—Its Founder.

The eventful history of Cane Ridge Meeting-house necessarily involves a sketch of the founder, Robert W. Finley, and a reference to the authority by right of discovery of him who bestowed upon the region adjacent the baptismal appellation of the Cane Ridge. It was the favorite hunting-ground of Kentucky's great pioneer, her first soldier and citizen, Daniel Boone, a native, as was Finley, of Bucks County, Pa., a man whose inflexible will and undaunted courage first secured a foothold, maintaining it against every assault of a savage foe until statehood crowned his patriotic effort with the success his hardihood and valor had achieved.[1] A band of Boone's former neighbors from the valley of the Yatkin, North Carolina, seeking homes, sought Boone, inquiring "where the best farming lands were to be found." "On the Cane Ridge; the most game is there, the biggest sugar-trees and the best corn grow there. I think it the best farming lands. I gave it the name." It may prove of interest to note the confirmation of Boone's judgment of soils, based on the growth of sugar-trees and corn, by reciting that Dr. Robert Peter, State geologist, in his analysis of soils from the counties of Kentucky, found

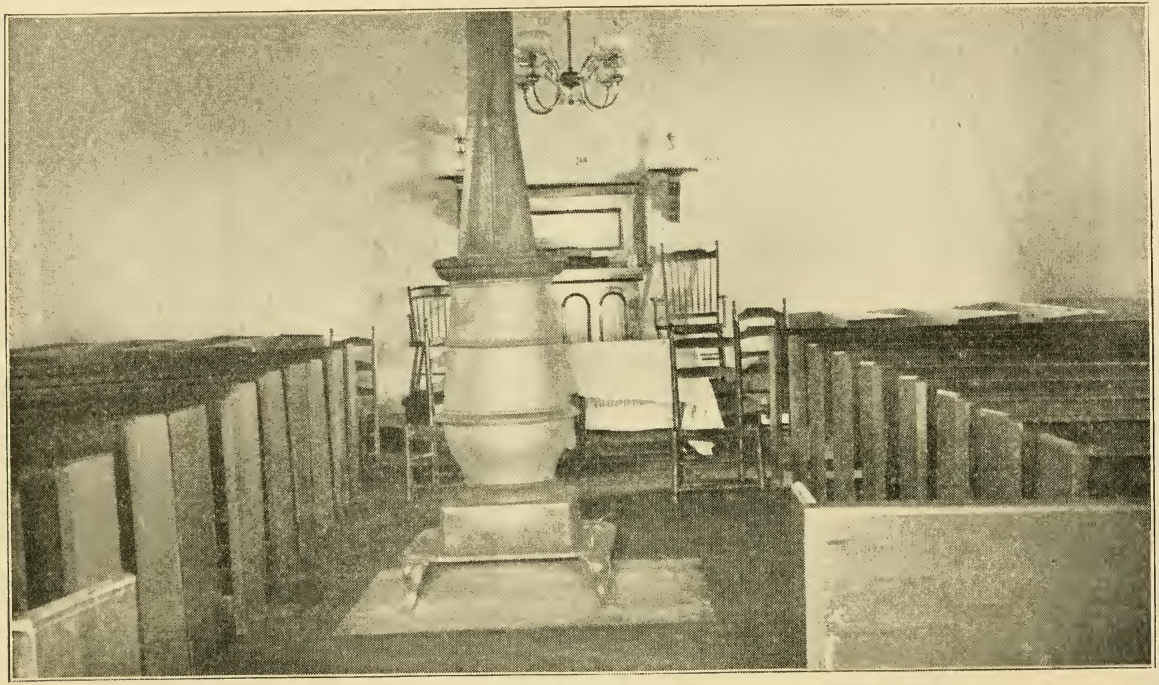
[1] Manuscript of Peter Houston, one of the number.

the richest to be from Cane Ridge, Bourbon County.

Robert W. Finley,[1] the founder of Cane Ridge Church, was born in Bucks County, Pa., of most respectable parentage; his mother especially was highly educated, well versed in the languages, a lady of accomplishments and devoted to the Colonial cause. Receiving the best preparation the locality afforded, he was entered at Princeton College, New Jersey, then presided over by that accomplished scholar and distinguished patriot, Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. After a regular course he was graduated and studied for the ministry, at irregular intervals teaching the languages. In due season he was licensed by his presbytery to preach. There being a great demand for ministers in the Carolinas and Georgia, he volunteered his services in those remote fields so sorely tried by the revengeful fires of civil strife, which burned with a savage intensity nowhere equaled among the colonies. Located in North Carolina in 1777, he began his missionary duties, establishing and restoring churches and preaching the gospel to the sore and needy, meeting with great success, when his mission of mercy and peace was abruptly ended by the disastrous defeat of the patriot army of General Gates at Camden by the English under Cornwallis in 1780.[2] This overwhelming victory resulted in the establishment of fortified posts throughout Georgia and South Carolina at all available strategic points, for the purpose of overawing and subjugating the people. It was a direct appeal to the heart of every patriot to strike for his cause and kindred, and Finley was so impressed with the splendid fervor of his mother's patriotic spirit impelling him to action, that he threw aside his

[1] James B. Finley, a son.

[2] Bancroft.



AUDITORIUM VIEW.

priestly robes, shouldered his rifle and identified himself with his country's cause.

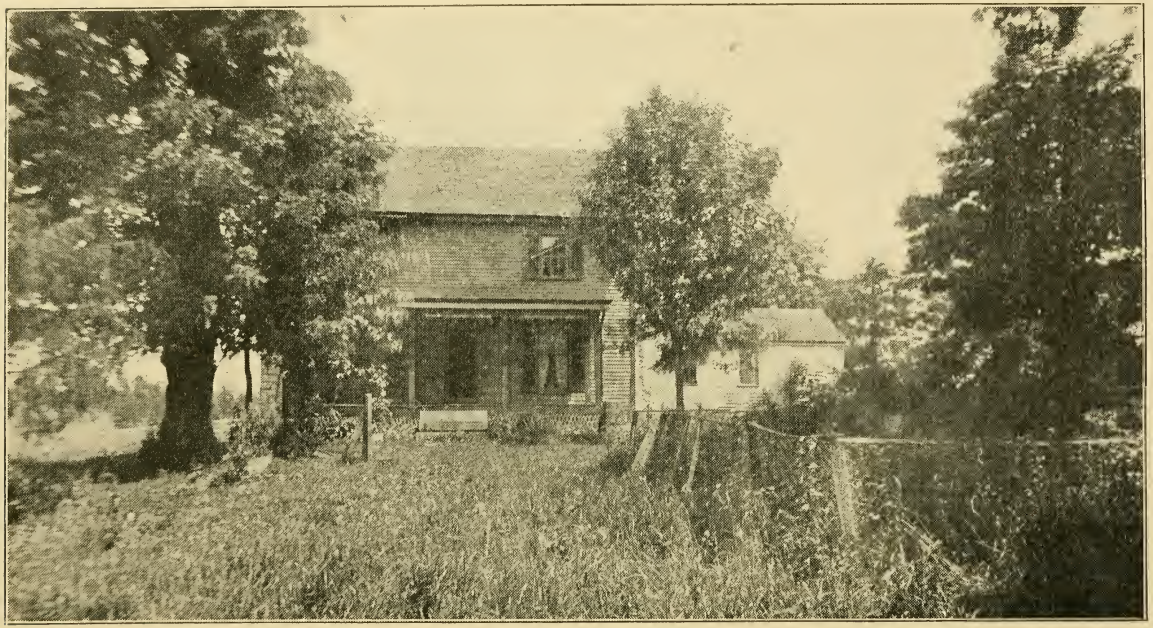
[1] It had been suggested to the accidental hero of Saratoga, by a comrade on hearing of Gates' appointment by Congress to command the army in the Southern department, "Take care that your laurel crown at Saratoga turns not to Southern willows in your operations South." Prophetic words truly! Washington appointed Nathaniel Greene his successor. With this splendid leadership, aided by the genius of Morgan, Lee and others, the outposts of the enemy were subdued or turned, the territory reclaimed, Cornwallis beleaguered by land and sea at Yorktown, the sun of liberty arose upon a struggling people and forever decreed an impregnable fastness upon America's shores.[2] Finley meeting Col. Daniel Boone, whom he had known before, both being natives of the same county in Pennsylvania, on one of his return trips to his old home from Kentucky, hearing a glowing account of the fertility of its lands, having laid aside the equipment of war with the emergency which brought it forth, resumed his former ministerial paths, which had been so ruthlessly encumbered "by grim-visaged war." He organized a small party of his neighbors, including two of his brothers, penetrating the wilds of an unbroken forest to see for himself this abounding land, in the season of 1784.[3] He saw a country marvelously rich, teeming with an unlimited growth of splendid timber of every known variety, watered by innumerable springs and streams, with all descriptions of game common to the latitude, that he beheld with wonder and satisfaction, the ideal of the pioneer and settler, the hunter and trapper. He returned to his home enthusiastic over the

[1] "Memoirs of Revolution," Col. Henry Lee.
[2] [3] James B. Finley.

prospects of an immediate removal to the brakes of Kentucky, where he had seen a growth of cane of great area, green and succulent the entire year, affording the richest pasturage for stock in the winter months, and, when removed from the surface which it cumbered, exposing a soil for opulence and productiveness not surpassed. His eagerness to become a settler in this paradise for the hunter and farmer was restrained by the seniors of his family, who were unwilling to undergo the hardship incident to a frontier settlement. The father, mother (Bradley by name), three of her brothers, who fell in the struggle, and the immediate family had located with the minister in North Carolina. By way of compromise the family removed to Virginia, locating between the waters of the north and south branches of the Potomac River. Here he had charge of two churches. Not content with his surroundings, still yearning for pastures new, his restless spirit prompted a change of abode across the Allegheny Range in the Redstone section, on the waters of George's Creek, tributary to the Ohio River. Here he had charge of a church for two years, in which field he labored with success and satisfaction to his congregation. The salutary effects of the last removal were brief. Visions of the rich soil of the canebrakers westward, now that he was upon the waters that flowed in an unbroken current, defining the northern boundary of that Eldorado, with its abounding game and rich pasturage, constantly glimmered before his eye.

The wonderfully attractive features of that far-off land proved irresistible to his wandering spirit, and so it was, in the fall of 1788,[1] following the path blazed by the genius of an enterprise which for audacity and hardi-

[1] English, "Conquest of Northwest."



RESIDENCE OF JAMES HOUSTON, BUILT 1789, FIRST CLERK OF CANE RIDGE CHURCH—1791-1796.
ROBERT W. FINLEY, PASTOR, PRESBYTERIAN.

hood has no parallel in the history of the continent, in conception the most brilliant, in execution the most heroic and in material results the most momentous, easily entitling its hero to the distinction of the chief "Winner of the West."

The political effects, so far-reaching and comprehensive, of the conquest of the Northwest by George Rogers Clark, now absorbed by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and the eastern part of Wisconsin, rendered the free navigation of the Mississippi River a necessity, and became the ultimate cause of the Louisiana Purchase, which extended the boundaries of the Union to the Rocky Mountains.

The colonists arriving at the mouth of George's Creek,[1] devout men and women assembled to bid the hardy emigrants farewell and *bon voyage* to the wilds of their new home, which they were assured abounded with many features attractive and desirable to the pioneer heart. After songs and exhortation, all fell upon their knees in prayer and supplication for aid and protection from the dangers of the river as well as the greater one arising from the concealed savage, implacable foe upon its shores. This little flotilla of three boats floats bravely into the current of the Ohio, freighted with humanity of both sexes and the extremes of age, proudly facing the west and the future and bidding adieu forever to the comforts and civilization of the East. They arrived without mishap at Limestone (now Maysville), Ky., and went into winter quarters at Washington, a few miles away. In the following spring, 1789, Finley bought lands near Stocktons Station, near the present site of Flemingsburg. He and his family were not content with their surroundings; they

[1] James B. Finley.

had not penetrated the canebrake section, which fate had reserved for their next removal, and which event occurred in the spring of 1790,[1] and the location of the settlement was called the Cane Ridge of Bourbon County, eight miles distant from the county-seat, Paris.

The cardinal needs of man—"home, occupation and a faith," as some philosopher has said—were fully illustrated by our colonists, the first settlers. Comfortable log cabins were reared, the cane was cut and corn planted in time to mature that season. The year following, 1791,[2] the meeting-house at Cane Ridge and its most potent ally, the log-cabin seminary, were built. The settlers' trinity of wants were early demonstrated. The gentle reader of to-day may be inclined to assert that corn is not a complete ration, sufficient for subsistence. The suggestion is tendered that the canebrake occupied by the settlers, from eight to ten feet in height, was an unbroken stretch to Little Mountain, the present site of Mt. Sterling, fifteen miles in an air line and perhaps half as wide; that it was the favorite lair of every known variety of game, from the common gray squirrel to the buffalo, and that the water-courses abounded with fish. But for these provisions by Divine Providence, settlements in the West would have been delayed indefinitely. About one-half of the earliest settlers of this locality were from North Carolina,[3] and the reason is apparent: John Finley, Kentucky's first pioneer, coming here in 1767,[4] returning to North Carolina in 1769, conducting Daniel Boone and party back at the close of that year, and the repeated communications between the sections later, the fertility of the soil, the canebrakes green throughout the year, but greenest in winter, its rich pasturage, the favorite feeding-ground

[1] James B. Finley.
[2] James B. Finley.
[3] A. Mitchell.
[4] Collins' "History of Kentucky."

and lair of every known variety of game, its numerous springs and streams, the variety of timber, soil and scenery, were well calculated to favorably impress those seeking homes in the West.[1] They came with the prestige of that splendid citizenship which, when the mother country had become oppressive and tyrannical in her government, arose and became in history, before the first note of the bugles of 1776 had sounded, the first people to make a declaration of independence and to fight the first battle in its support. All honor to North Carolina, to-day the purest Anglo-Saxon population within the realm of the starry banner.[2] The majority of the Carolina colonists were Presbyterian,[3] and it was a most happy conjunction on entering the territory by way of Cumberland Gap that they should become joint settlers of the Cane Ridge with Finley and his band, who had removed from North Carolina to Virginia and came by the Ohio River route. He[4] soon organized two congregations, one at Cane Ridge, the other at Concord, adjacent in the order mentioned, and about six miles apart. The site of the latter and its graveyard are still to be seen. Its building is gone, but the congregation yet lives in strength and influence and was transferred at an early day to Carlisle, Nicholas County. Finley preached acceptably to this people, with many additions, and had sole charge of their pulpits until his removal from the State. The tide of immigration from the States of Virginia and North Carolina flowed without interruption. The type was superior in hardihood, intelligence and morality. They sought homes, churches and schools; here they found them; the waste places were being filled; the population was increasing by leaps and bounds; the resounding echoes of the pioneer's

[1] "History of North Carolina."
[2] 1900 U. S. Census.
[3] Alexander Mitchell.
[4] James B. Finley.

busy ax made entrancing music day by day; the crash of the falling monsters of the forest reverberating from hill to valley were significant of home, happiness and possession. Some of these actors had been heroes in battle's strife and had "snuffed treason in the tainted gale" with spirit undaunted. A storm was brewing; courage and fortitude were alike impotent to resist its ravages.[1] The Henderson Land Company had purchased the lands of the Cherokee Indians, which comprised all of the lands within the present boundary of the State of Kentucky east of Green River, and the most of the titles to lands in this section came from the Henderson Company. The Virginia Legislature refused to ratify the purchase. The settlers, who claimed a tract of land by virtue of the transfer from Henderson, had no title. Then, again, the system of the early surveys, or rather the want of it, became, in effect, as fradulent as the Henderson Company.[2] From the time of the first settlement in Kentucky to her admission in the Union in 1792, the one limited professional most in demand was the land surveyor; even the services of George Washington had been commanded by Lord Fairfax in northeastern Kentucky as early as 1770. The average pioneer surveyor, in his new field of endeavor, met many unusual obstacles which impaired the accuracy of his surveys. This was a very heavily timbered section and stakes at a distance not readily seen, and the starting-point of a survey, the vital point, was usually a hickory, buckeye or oak tree, or else a green stake driven in the mellow soil. The field notes soon found their way to Williamburg and the Land Office issued a patent. Later would appear a new surveyor with no available means of identifying the starting-point of any previous work.

[1] Collins' "History of Kentucky."
[2] "Life of Washington."

There were forests of hickory, buckeye and oak trees; to the novice they were all alike, so the later surveyor would often cover former lines of work and upon this the office would issue a patent. The inevitable result was litigation.[1] The dockets of the courts were filled with contested land suits for fifty years, and the lawyers reaped a wonderfully rich harvest.

Finley, with many members of both his flocks, had become owner of more or less land. Owing to defect of transfers, as described, in order to quiet their titles they had been compelled to pay the original purchase price twice, and even thrice.[2] They determined on another removal. The purport of the following copy of the original letter is self-explanatory:

BOURBON COUNTY, Ky., Dec. 12, 1794.

SIR:—After compliments to you I take the liberty of addressing you for information. I understand you have a large body of land on the Scioto and Paint Creeks for sale. I would be pleased to know its qualities and what advantages two large societies could have. A number have thought of purchasing fifteen or twenty miles square for the settlement of two congregations, and I have been informed that you could supply us. Sir, I request the favor of you by Mr. Rogers, the bearer, to furnish me with the situation, quantity and quality you could sell and what would be your price per hundred acres, and what your terms of payment by taking such a quantity of land as would be sufficient to settle two congregations, or, say, three hundred families. But it is probable the present circumstances would require some time to make a settlement with prudence. You will please let me know what time this winter it would suit your convenience to go with us and show these lands. A number of us would love to see the advantages the country will afford for such a settlement. Your compliance will much oblige your humble servant,

To Gen. Nathan Massie. ROBERT W. FINLEY.

The following spring was agreed upon between the

[1] Collins' "History of Kentucky." [2] Rev. James B. Finley.

principals for an inspection of the lands. The purchase was made. Finley, with great foresight, suggests in his letter "that the condition of the country would probably require time to make a settlement with prudence." These proved prophetic words. The prospectors and General Massie, whilst on a tour of inspection of the lands in question, actually had an engagement with the Indians, sustaining some loss, but held the field. The removal was accomplished to Kentucky's sorrow the spring of 1806. Such were the deplorable results arising from the want of proper legislation by the Virginia Assembly.

The removal of Finley to a point near Chillicothe, Ohio, and the large contingent from his two congregations, which he estimates in his letter to General Massie at three hundred families, was indeed disastrous to the first settlements on the Cane Ridge. Those vacant places, however, were soon filled by large drafts of exactly similar types of people from North Carolina and the mother State, Virginia, and among them was quite an element of the Revolutionary heroes. From this desirable class of population a further draft to populate Ohio was made in 1807, with David Purviance, a minister, at their head, as in the former instance, who was one of the ablest men ever removing from Kentucky, settling in Preble County, Ohio. Their location was named New Paris after their former county-seat, Paris, Ky. Purviance had been a member of the Legislature from 1797 to 1803, representing this county.

THE LOG CABIN SEMINARY.

The Log Cabin Seminary, founded by Finley contemporaneously with the church, was situated due east from the latter, about one-quarter of a mile from the church, near a fine spring, which to-day is known as "Finley

Spring."[1] Here he opened a school where were taught the languages and higher branches of an English education, and was the first of its class in the State. Many students came from a distance, and brief as was its existence, only about five years, yet there was educated here a number of men of the learned professions, who afterwards attained prominence and distinction in their several professions. In the pulpit were the Howes, Robersons, McNemar, Dunlevy, Welch, Steele and John Thompson, all of the Presbyterian, and James and John Finley, of the Methodist Church.[2] Thompson and Dunlevy had come with Finley to Kentucky from Virginia, and the former was the peer in eloquence and ability of any minister of the West in his day. James Finley was a man of scholarly attainment, a master of his vernacular and wielded a pen of pure Anglo-Saxon, whilst his brother John was professor of the languages.[3] He was president of Augusta College at the time of his death.

In the medical department were Edministon, Mitchell and Henderson,[4] all prominent. In that of law were Robert Trimble, Benjamin Mills and Robert Irwin, all practicing at one time at the Paris bar; Stockton, Lanier, Flannikin and others.

The seminary is entitled to the distinction of having two of her graduates, Trimble and Mills, honoring seats on the bench of the court of highest resort, the Kentucky Court of Appeals; and Judge Trimble was further honored by becoming associated with Judges John Marshall and Storey, of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This brief outline is all that is known of the unchartered seminary in the canebrake of Cane Ridge. Robert W. Finley's character and accomplishments reflect most

[1] [2] [3] James B. Finley.
[4] Alexander Mitchell.

creditably upon his pupils, and they were no discredit in their after lives to their teacher. The building was destroyed by lightning some years after, but fragments of its foundation are yet to be seen. Its occupancy as a school was only in the days of its architect, and its living monument a few paces off is the spring—Finley's spring.

SKETCH OF CHURCH FROM DESCRIPTIONS.

CHAPTER II.

The Building of the Church.

Cane Ridge literally is the watershed between the two considerable streams of Stoner and Hinkston, which at their conjunction, some fifteen miles from the church, form South Licking River. Stoner Creek was named after Michael Stoner, a courageous Indian fighter, associated with Boone in many of his thrilling adventures. The church is about equidistant from the two streams, and its venerable roof is typical of its site, shedding its waters on the north to Hinkston and on the south to Stoner Creek. The watershed or ridge is so gentle in its elevation that one would never suspect that the base of the church is one hundred and fifty feet[1] higher than the tallest steeple at Paris, the county-seat, seven miles distant. An account of the building of the structure, left in manuscript by an itinerant minister[2] who lent his aid, mentions that after suitable timber had been selected, cut, hewn and notched where it fell, owing to the excessive growth of cane, from eight to ten feet in height, and to its density, in order to find the location for the building it was necessary for men to climb trees to direct the prepared material to the proper place. Its dimensions are fifty by forty feet, the ceiling fifteen feet in height; the pulpit occupied the center of the north side, boxed up, with entrance at the side reached by several steps, and its elevation was so considerable that the speaker literally looked down upon his audience. The main

[1] Triangulation calculation by engineer in survey for turnpike.

[2] MS. of Peter Houston, as quoted by his grandson, F. P. Houston.

entrance was from the west; an aisle ran through the center the full length of the building. An unusual feature in this structure of the olden time is that there is not a log in its side walls exceeding twenty feet in length. This was made practicable by using a short log attached to the main one of twenty feet, and at a right angle with it, of six feet in length; then another of ten feet at same angle; one of six feet back to the original line; then another of twenty feet, and you have the side wall. Years after its dedication and use as a house of worship the pen, or offset, in the south side, duplicate of the one opposite in which the pulpit was located, was permanently closed. My grandfather, William Rogers, of blessed memory, whose honored remains are near by, left among his records this outline:

> As I first remember this venerable building in 1798 there was no chinking between the logs, no glass in the windows (but what need of windows for light or air?), the floors and seats were of puncheons smoothed with broadax, no chimneys, no fireplaces, the roof and pulpit being of clapboards; and yet large congregations of brave men and pious women, comely maidens and gallant young men, lads and lassies, and infants in their mothers' arms, greeted Elder Stone those quiet Sabbath mornings.

Three immense girders, sixteen inches square, hewn with broadax, sixteen feet apart, tie the walls of the building at the ceiling; and its alignment at the height of the square one hundred and fifteen years after its erection has no apparent variation from the original lines. The storms of more than a century have been more successful, however, in their assaults upon her base, which time discloses as the weakest part of her intrenchment, and her floor of the olden time has become slightly undulating. The sheathing was sawed with a whipsaw, one inch by four, thickness and width, to which was

attached the roof of clapboards, held in place by wooden pins. The most highly prized relic of the church, in possession of the writer, is a fragment of the original sheathing of blue ash with square walnut pins, which were driven to their places in 1791, broken off on the upper side where the original board was held in place, but extending through three inches. This rare specimen of roof architecture of pioneer times also shows the next evolution in roof structure—nails of iron, wrought by the cunning hand of the neighborhood smith.

It also had a gallery, and the only means of entrance was from without by means of an ordinary ladder. The most material improvement ever made on the original structure of hewn logs and split boards of its ancient roof, since fashioned in its unique way by the hardy hands of Finley and his pioneer associates, had its inception in an appeal from a committee of the church to its friends to render aid in making it more comfortable. The following copy of the original instrument, with the respondents' names affixed, was found among the papers left by Elder William Rogers, who was an officer of the church for fifty years:

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, agree and oblige ourselves to pay the sum of money to our names severally annexed, to Ephraim Herriott, Joshua Irvin and William Rogers, for the purpose of paying for a lot of ground embracing Cane Ridge Meeting-house and the burial-ground thereat, and also for the purpose of repairing said house so as to make it comfortable for a house of worship for the cold as well as the warm season of the year. Said house and lot to be conveyed to the Christian and Presbyterian Churches, but free for other societies to worship in when not occupied by these churches.

Feb. 12, 1829.

William Rogers.	James M. Cogswell.	Robt. Scott.
Nathaniel P. Rogers.	James Hutchcraft.	Chas. Wasson.

Jesse Bowles.
Hugh Bowles.
Holman Bowles.
Chas. B. Colcord.
Zacharia Eastin.
Ephraim Herriott.
James Houston.
William Henderson.
John Irvin.
David Jameson.
Robert Luckie.
Hamilton Wilson.
Nimrod L. Lindsay.
Jesse Shumate.
B. W. S. Graves.
Henry Lander.
Greenberry Howard.
Levi Houston.
Chas. Skillman.
Caleb Wilson.
H. J. Eastin.
Robert Bowles.
Thomas T. Dobins.
W. Kennedy.
E. M. Dodge.
Wesley Jameson.
Andrew Wallace.
Lewis Campbell.
Chas. Campbell.
James Campbell.
George Parker.
Jeremia Stark.
Alexander Donovan.
W. S. Wagers.
John Grant.
Daniel F. Stark.
Lewis Grinstead.
William Skillman.
H. T. Gorham.
John Desha.
Chas. T. Thornton.
James Hibler.
Sarah Hopkins.
Mary Luckie.
Thomas Bell.
W. T. Allen.
John Graves.
Hugh Campbell.
Walker Buckner.
Chas. Lander.
Robert Luckie.
John Spencer.
Thos. C. Bledsoe.
Thos. M. Parrish.
Joel Carrington.
James Simms.
John Brest, Sr.
Abner S. Hibler.
Rachel Malcolm.
Joseph Trotter.
Hugh Roseberry.
Daniel Ruark.
William Scott.
John L. Hickman.
Nathan Bayless.
Thos. D. Reed.
John Hildreth.
Fielder Letton.
Henry Wilson
Jas. M. Jameson.
Hiram M. Bledsoe.
W. G. Skillman.
John Barnett.
Peter Banta.
Hugh Brent.
Patrick Scott.
D. O. Tully.
V. G. Moss.
John Parker.
John Wilson.
William Wilson.
Joseph Wilson.
Daniel Ammerman.
Caleb Hall.
Samuel Layson.
Turner Neal.
W. P. Green.
John Morris.
Burton Richards.
James Rogers.
Thomas Rogers.
Sam Wasson.
Jas. M. Dickey.

But few of these names were associated with the first congregation which was organized by Finley; of that number appears the name of James Houston, who was clerk of the church, the first in its history. The remaining signatures were of a later generation. This benevolent enterprise resulted most favorably in the accomplishment of the purpose sought. A deed was recorded to a lot of three acres, including the building and graveyard

MRS. MARY LINDSAY ROGERS,

President Ladies' Aid Society, under whose auspices the church was put in thorough condition in 1882.

adjacent. The house was weatherboarded, the walls within were lathed and plastered, and a ceiling placed above; tongue and grooved and dressed blue-ash flooring was substituted for the puncheons beneath, and the seats, of similar material, without supports to the back, hewn with broadax, were laid aside and the more modern device of dressed lumber for benches with ample supports, both in rear and in front, took their place. The modern innovation of ceiling overhead rendered the removal of the gallery a necessity, and that massive work of the pioneer fathers was ruthlessly torn from its fastenings and consigned to the less consecrated purpose of composing a portion of the structure of a stock barn near by. The chandeliers were most impressive in simplicity and utility. As I have never seen their counterpart, I will try to describe them. The pair of chandeliers, which lighted the church at night, were models of uniqueness in their simplicity and evidently the conception of local talent. The base or central feature of the design was of wood, oval in shape, painted white, about ten inches in diameter, finished with a well-rounded knob to facilitate raising and lowering. They were attached to a cord running through the ceiling over pulleys and about twenty feet apart. A piece of wire the size of a lead pencil, bent in the shape of the letter S inverted, was attached to the base and three feet in length, which supported a small tin pan with corrugated edges. In its center was an open cup to receive a tallow candle, the second evolution from a burning torch. A succession of these lights completed the chandelier, and such was the mode by which the audience-chamber of Cane Ridge Meeting-house was lighted seventy-five years ago. The main entrance of the church has been from the west, only two doors in the building—east and west—and the main aisle extends

through the center from door to door. The pulpit occupied the northern alcove or offset, as before described. It was eight feet in width and six in height, boxed up with tongue and grooved plank, with entrance at the side by means of several steps. Immediately in front was an open square with the communion table near the center. The officers of the church and the senior sisters, seated in high-back, antique chairs arranged irregularly about it. Their former owners and occupants have long since crossed over the river, and these mute mementoes yet remain as a priceless legacy of the exalted character and Christian worth of their former owners.

During the year 1882, the spirit of conforming to modern tastes in ornamentation and architecture seized the members of the church, which resulted in other radical changes in the interior of the building; more comfortable seats were provided and the entire interior repapered and tastefully decorated. The eastern entrance was permanently closed, and the pulpit, so replete with its unfading memories of the past, was transferred to the east. The spirit of change had so wonderfully affected us all that it was determined that those brilliant, spectacular chandeliers, faithful monitors had they been for half a century, must also give way to modern tastes, and they are gone.

The original structure is not impaired. Its ancient ridgepole remains where it was placed in 1791. The graveyard, with its sainted dead of hallowed memory, is yet intact, and that memorable era in her history inflexibly written—June 28, 1804. Here is the birthplace of a faith.

CANE RIDGE CHURCH. PINE PLANTED BY GANO ON RIGHT AND STONE SHAFT BENEATH.

CHAPTER III.

The Graveyard.

The graveyard, east of the building, comprising an acre of ground, overgrown with forest trees, is filled with the remains of the pioneers of the settlement and of the church. On the occasion of Stone's last visit to the congregation, on preaching his farewell discourse in August, 1843, he expressed the wish to be buried in the midst of friends who had so constantly and heroically upheld him in the early days of contention and desertion which had characterized the formative period of the church. In accordance with his wish, soon after his death, at Hannibal, Mo., in November, 1844, his remains were brought by the church and interred within her shadows, forever consecrated to his name. A marble shaft, bearing this inscription, marks the spot:

The church of Christ at Cane Ridge and other generous friends in Kentucky have caused this monument to be erected as a tribute of affection and gratitude to

BARTON W. STONE,

Minister of the gospel of Christ and the distinguished reformer of the nineteenth century.

Born Dec. 24, 1772.
Died Nov. 9, 1844.
His remains lie here.
This monument erected in 1847.

During the life of William Rogers, who died in 1862, an application was made to me for a copy of the above inscription. Assuming there was some question of its correctness, I sought information from him, which provoked this response: "I am the author and I wrote it

advisedly. Before its inscription I mailed a copy to the address of every minister of the church of prominence in the West, which I could secure, with instruction to amend, substitute or criticize. It met the approval of every one without exception." "What is written, is written."

Overshadowing its summit towers a lofty pine, planted by the hand of his loving pupil, Elder John Allen Gano, the most successful evangelist of his day, possessing the most charming delivery of any speaker I have ever heard from the pulpit. Adjacent a massive stone shows where linger the remains of one of the first settlers, James Houston, and the first clerk of the church under the ministry of Robert W. Finley; dying at an advanced age, he was the only member of that congregation whom I ever knew—the possessor of a gracious and impressive personality, of imposing height and military bearing, he was my conception of a representative pioneer.

Within the shadow of the pine planted by the pious Gano lie father and son, Nathaniel and William Rogers, the former the first subject to demand baptism at the hand of Stone in 1803, whilst laboring under the commission of the presbytery with a proviso, the staunch supporter of his minister as he had been of his country's cause, and member of the convention which framed the constitution of Kentucky in 1799. The son, William Rogers, was one of the first male subjects to receive the rite at the first baptism of the Christian Church in 1807, became its first clerk of that date, alternating his official stations of clerk or elder for more than fifty years, and the author of the inscription on the Stone monument.

Near by is his associate, Elder Hamilton Wilson, from whom he said he had learned the lesson of his life—"to

GLENWOOD. THE HOME OF MRS. MARY LINDSAY ROGERS, PRESIDENT LADIES' AID SOCIETY, 1882.

never speak ill of any one." Within this hallowed circle repose all that is mortal of Charles Spencer, a negro, a Christian without hypocrisy, of the most venerable aspect, respected by all his contemporaries. "Uncle Charles," as every one addressed him, was ever in his accustomed seat; variations of temperature seemed to impel rather than to retard his devotion to duty of being present at every service of the church. His venerable head, guiltless of hair, with turban covering, and his manner of joining in the songs of praise, was one of the distinctive features of the congregation of his day. He was one of Stone's first converts. Devoted to music, he could sound but one note, and that of the highest key, and in every song that note was sounded most thrillingly, electrifying those unaccustomed to the unearthly shriek, and during the balance of the song his body would sway to and fro like the rhythmic swinging of a great pendulum. The appalling effect upon the children of the audience was something overwhelming. Uncle Charles and his manner of singing embodies all of my first recollection of the church.

Other tombs and headstones about the grounds, overgrown with moss and "time's effacing fingers" obscuring their inscriptions, mark the final resting-place of many who so heroically stood by Stone when the shafts of ridicule and denunciation were hurled from the pulpits of all the churches against the head of the infant church and its following. Of them are the Luckies, Wassons, Wilsons, Jameson and the Campbells.

The remains of Henry Wilson, one of the early pioneers, fill an unmarked, unknown grave, the friend and supporter of Stone, member of the church here, and his only companion through the wilds of Kentucky, when he absented himself from his pulpits for a trip to Georgia

and Virginia in 1797. He lived and died about two miles east of the church, where had been developed a salt well, the only one in the county, much frequented by the early settlers for the purpose of manufacturing salt. Wilson was one of the defenders of Bryant's Station when it was besieged by the Indians under the renegade Girty in 1782, which developed the most heroic incident in moral courage to be found in the history of Kentucky. The plan of the fortification consisted of palisades and block-houses, which failed to include the spring of water some one hundred yards without. The women and older children each morning would, in buckets, bring a daily supply of water for the garrison. The morning of the siege the inmates of the fort knew there were hundreds of the savage foe in concealment about the spring. In order to gain time for the arrival of expected reinforcements and to impress the enemy with belief that further delay would assure its capture, the plan of original strategy was devised of calling on the women and older children to go as usual for the daily supply of water. This they declined to do, insisting that the men should go. Major Johnson, in command, made the plea that though many of the enemy were hidden about the spring, if the women would go as was their custom, they would be convinced of the ignorance of the garrison of their presence and hostile intent. The appeal was responded to by the heroic wife, Jemima Johnson, exclaiming, "Get your buckets," and a supply of water for the day was secured, the desired impression upon the foe was conveyed, the necessary delay for the arrival of reinforcements secured and the garrison saved. Jemima Johnson, in leading a forlorn hope, left in his cradle a cooing babe, who, in his bright manhood, reflected the inherited glory of a heroic mother. He was destined to

lead a forlorn hope upon the Canadian border in the most brilliant victory in the Northwest in the War of 1812, at the battle of the Thames, at which he received nine shots in person and clothing, killed the great Tecumseh and lived to become Vice-President of the United States—Richard M. Johnson.

Henry Wilson, in rearing a fortification near by for the protection of himself and associates, determined to avoid the criminal error of Bryant's Station by building a fort of stone with walls four feet in thickness, and to insure its security against all efforts of the implacable foe, included within its walls a living spring, whose flowing stream found an outlet through a stone culvert covered with several feet of earth, emptying its hidden waters into a considerable creek one hundred yards away. The storms of more than a century have had no effect upon the skill and workmanship of this simple engineering feat.

And now, as a final action in the drama, nature comes to the rescue, asserts her sovereignty over matter earthly, reproducing in the graveyard that particular growth which gave it a name and distinction. The pedigreed cane of ancient days has asserted its right to eminent domain and has secured a foothold in the churchyard after an absence of sixty years.[1] Nature's effort to perpetuate the memory of the pioneer.

The following beautiful incident illustrates the veneration and abiding affection for the memory of the man on the part of the sister congregation of Concord, now of Carlisle, Ky. The minister of that church, Brother Tinder, some years ago said to the writer: "My congregation appeals to me to devise the means to restore the

[1] Elder Hamilton Wilson.

monument over Father Stone at your old church; to what extent is it damaged?"

"The shaft and base are perfect; the foundation on the north side seems impaired, and it is leaning."

"What sum of money would be necessary to restore it?"

"With thanks to your people for the interest manifested, only the labor of a few of our members for an hour will be required to adjust it."

It was found that the tree planted by the reverent pupil Gano had thrown out a main supporting root beneath the structure and with its increasing growth was gradually tilting the shaft. Time, with its corrosions, seems not to have abated the love for the memory of the founder of the faith among the descendants of his former flock of Concord.

BARTON W. STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

Barton W. Stone.

There now appears upon the historic scene a character hitherto unknown, a young minister bearing credentials from a North Carolina presbytery, who was destined to achieve results in the wide realm of theology in a new departure from the beaten paths of all predecessors since apostolic times. A Marylander by birth, a Virginian by adoption, twenty-five years of age, of very limited experience in the pulpit, never having assumed charge of a church, visits Cane Ridge and Concord Churches at the close of 1796 and is employed to fill the pulpits made vacant by the removal of Finley to Ohio. He bore the name of Barton Warren Stone. Here he labored with great zeal and efficiency, and within a few months received eighty additions. Of that number, thirty were attached to the senior church. He continued his ministerial duties for two years, excepting an interval spent on a visit to Georgia and Virginia. In 1798 a call was made upon him by the united congregations, through the presbytery at Lexington, to continue his duties, which he accepted, and a future day for his ordination was designated.

Before a license could be given by that body it was necessary to examine him on the articles of faith. The time for the solution of his difficulties had arrived. The synod was complete, and a large audience had assembled. There were grave doubts in his mind and he was unwilling to promise adherence to all its teachings. He privately sought counsel of two of its members. They reasoned

with the candidate in great earnestness and zeal to little effect. Finally came the question from one of the tribunal:

"How far are you willing to receive the Confession?"

"As far as I see it consistent with the word of God," came the prompt response. They deemed that answer sufficient.

Thus with a restriction he was empowered by the presbytery to continue in charge of the two congregations, a majority of each presumably having gone with Finley to Ohio.

When Stone was first ordained by the Orange Presbytery of North Carolina[1] in 1796, he was handed a Bible, not the Confession of Faith, by the presiding officer, with the injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The radical difference in the modes of ordination naturally gave rise to the question to which should he render obedience—the statutes of the Bible or the codes of men? His answer is known to the world. The year 1798 is literally the natal year of the communion now called Christians. For a brief period of time interest in religion had been rapidly ebbing; the people had become absorbed in carving homes from the mighty forests. Temporal cares alone prompted them to action, with apparently no disposition to prosecute spiritual inquiries.

This deplorable condition of religion was in the near future destined to a profound awakening in the coming storm. Originating in Tennessee,[2] extending into western Kentucky, its mutterings had reached this section, which so impressed Stone that he determined to see and hear for himself. He journeyed to Logan County, the

[1] [2] Elder Barton W. Stone.

scene of the next great revival meeting in the open air, in the spring of 1801. He was so impressed with the fervid, inspiring developments there that an appointment was made for Cane Ridge in August following. This was his first experience in witnessing those peculiar exercises common to the revival meetings of that year. Its duration was of several days and nights under the guidance of two brothers in blood,[1] one a Presbyterian minister, the other a Methodist, by the name of McGhee.

This spiritual tidal-wave, which submerged the State, as affirmed by a contemporary,[2] originated with the brothers McGhee, who, by agreement, alternated in sermon, exhortation and invocation, expounding the simple gospel without reference to the special tenets of either.

This joint occupacy of the same pulpit by ministers of two denominations, hitherto antagonistic, developed an attraction so great that no building available would accommodate the audiences; hence the necessity of resorting to the open air. And as meetings would continue for several days and nights, tents were resorted to, and from this incident originated the camp-meetings of our Methodist brethren,[3] which continue to this day. This novel union was brief, continuing to the close of the vast assemblage at Cane Ridge, August following.

A historical parallel may with propriety be suggested to the Protestant faiths by a memorable era in the history of Masonry, which so overwhelmingly antedates the secession of Luther from the Catholic Church and the rise of Protestantism. For centuries it had but one head. In 1717 there was a schism—two grand lodges in England, neither recognizing the other. This non-recognition continued for nearly a century, till 1812, when the

[1] [2] [3] Rev. James B. Finley.

two opposing bodies elected grand masters who were brothers in blood, who accomplished a union with the dissevered element, which has continued one fraternal body. Why may not churches profit by this example? The beacon lights flashed free from the hilltops of the apparent union of the churches, and successfully there were held great union camp-meetings at Cabin Creek, near Maysville; next at Concord, adjacent to Cane Ridge; next at Point Pleasant, W. Va., and at Indian Creek, twenty miles away.

The vast assemblage in Logan County closing, Stone returned to fill an appointment at Cane Ridge. A large audience assembled to hear his report, which, with the sermon following, had a marked effect on his hearers. He repaired to his church at Concord, where he was greeted by great masses of people, eager to hear from the Logan meeting, where, before its close, he witnessed the reproduction of the weird, varied, marvelous scenes of that indescribable assemblage. The following is Stone's brief account:

> The whole country appeared to be in motion to the place, and multitudes of all denominations attended. All seemed heartily to unite in the work and in Christian love. Party spirit, abashed, shrunk back. To give a true description of this meeting can not be done; it would border on the marvelous. It continued five days and nights without ceasing. Many, very many, will through eternity remember it with thanksgiving and praise.

Stone returns from Concord to fill an appointment at the house of William Maxwell near by, where he hears the good results of his meeting at Cane Ridge the Sunday before. On arriving at the place of meeting, he met at the gate a special friend, who began shouting the praises of the Lord; falling into each other's arms, they

were joined by the friends at the house, when the scenes so lately transpiring at Concord were re-enacted on a smaller scale until a late hour at night. Such were the skirmishes at the outposts which culminated at Cane Ridge in the great union meeting in the month of August, 1801, the most remarkable religious assemblage ever known on the continent. It was given full publicity at the first great meeting in Logan County, and when its prominent features had been proclaimed from the pulpits throughout Kentucky, those who had religious conviction and sentiment, as well as that element of the population which had neither, determined to see for themselves those peculiar manifestations, which were unknown in the West. When we recall that the announcement of this August meeting had been made at all the preceding ones, the numbers which met here, estimated by military men from twenty to thirty thousand, should not provoke comment or surprise.

When I was a boy, the request was made of my grandfather, William Rogers, to tell of the events of the great meeting; but he declined, suggesting that Hamilton Wilson, who was at the meeting, should describe it. They were venerable men, associates from boyhood, for fifty years were elders or officers of the church, and lived immediate neighbors for that period and without reproach. Later on the motive which prompted him to decline became apparent—the scenes enacted there were so phenomenal, if he told what he saw, he feared his grandson would doubt his veracity.

The masses which assembled had come from all parts of the State, and many from Ohio. The roads were described by several writers as being crowded with wagons, carriages, horsemen and footmen, all journeying to the chosen spot, and the country adjacent was stripped of its

population. The grounds were prepared for the vast throng. For several hundred yards[1] an oblong square with temporary pulpit in the center made of split boards with handrail for its protection, and rough hewn logs at regular intervals for seats. The surrounding grounds were filled with tents in regular street order. From five[2] to seven[3] ministers were speaking at one time. The church building was set apart as a lodging-place for the preachers. Every obstacle seems to have been surmounted, that all might be present.

Stone, on the occasion of his last visit, pointed out the spot from which he had spoken. All writers upon the theme note the utter impossibility of describing the varied scenes of that unparalleled assemblage in the open air. "The spectacle presented at night," says Davidson, "was one of the wildest grandeur. The glare of the blazing camp-fires falling on a dense multitude of heads, simultaneously bowed in adoration, and reflected back from the long range of tents upon every side, hundreds of lamps and candles suspended among the trees, together with numerous torches flashing to and fro, throwing an uncertain light upon the tremulous foliage and giving an appearance of dim and indefinite extent to the depth of the forest; the solemn chanting of hymns, swelling and falling on the night winds; the impassioned exhortations, the earnest prayers, the sobs, the shrieks or shouts bursting from persons under agitation of mind; the sudden spasms which seized upon and unexpectedly dashed them to the ground—all conspired to invest the scene with terrific interest, and arouse their feelings to the highest state of excitement."

From the intensity of the demonstrations, it was

[1] Mrs. Mollie R. Clay. [2] Elder Stone. [3] Rev. Mr. Finley.

A VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE GREAT MEETING, 1801.
Figure of man near center of picture marks the spot where Stone addressed his audiences.

physically impossible for the meeting to have continued much longer. Provisions became exhausted in the community, and the assemblage dissolved after a continuance of six or seven days and nights. Then many of this innumerable host "engaged in singing the same songs of praise, all united in prayer, all preached the same things—free salvation urged upon all by faith and repentance." This platform of simple teaching was a happy solution of the radical differences of the many who had been participants at this and the previous meetings, who had owed allegiance to the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist beliefs. The estimate of the conversions was placed at three thousand. That it resulted in great good is surely established by the attestations of such men as Stone, Purviance (who was there converted), Rice, Dr. Alexander, James B. Finley and William Rogers. The latter, who was associated with the church for nearly sixty years, has left this record:

> I doubted and caviled, but now, after more than forty years, I have ceased to question its genuineness. Most of its subjects, known to me, have, by their pious and godly lives and their triumphant deaths, long since stamped the seal of heaven upon its divine origin.

Rev. James B. Finley, a convert also, son of Robert W., who had come with a party of friends from Ohio, including several school fellows who had been associated under his father at the Log Cabin Seminary, to attend the meeting, wrote the following graphic account of it in 1852. He was a lifetime minister of prominence of the Methodist Church:

> On the way to the meeting I said to my companions, "If I fall, it must be by physical power, and not by singing and praying," and as I prided myself upon my manhood and courage, I had no fear of being overcome by any nervous excitability or

being frightened into religion. We arrived upon the ground, and here a scene presented itself to my mind not only novel and unaccountable, but awful beyond description. A vast crowd, supposed by some to have amounted to twenty-five thousand, was collected together. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings seemed to be agitated as if by a storm. I counted seven ministers, all preaching at one time; some on stumps, others in wagons, and one—the Rev. William Burke, now of Cincinnati—was standing on a tree which had in falling lodged against another. Some of the people were singing, others praying, some crying for mercy in the most piteous accents, while others were shouting most vociferously. While witnessing these scenes a peculiarly strange sensation, such as I had never felt before, came over me. My heart beat tumultuously, my knees trembled, my lip quivered, and I felt as though I must fall to the ground. A strange supernatural power seemed to pervade the entire mass of mind there collected. I became so weak and powerless that I found it necessary to sit down. Soon after I left and went into the woods, and there I strove to rally and man up my courage. I tried to philosophize in regard to these wonderful exhibitions, resolving them into mere sympathetic excitement, a kind of religious enthusiasm, inspired by songs and eloquent harangues My pride was wounded, for I had supposed that my mental and physical strength and vigor could most successfully resist these influences. After some time I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped upon a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that then presented itself to my mind was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them, and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose up on my head, my whole frame trembled, the blood ran cold in my veins, and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had stayed at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die. There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded

to go and get some brandy and see if it would not strengthen my nerves. After some time I got to the bar and took a dram and left, feeling that I was as near hell as I wished to be, either in this or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse. Night at length came on and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover something the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination, and under their awful pressure I felt as if I must die if I did not get relief. My heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole State of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage. At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and, creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved in the morning to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of the friends who came over with me, I said: "Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer." He assented, and, getting our horses, we started for home. We said but little on the way, though many a deep, long-drawn sigh told the emotions of my heart. When we arrived at the Blue Lick knobs, I broke the silence which reigned mutually between us. Like long-pent-up waters seeking for an avenue in the rock, the fountains of my soul were broken up, and I exclaimed: "Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both." Then came from my streaming eyes the bitter tears, and I could scarcely refrain from screaming aloud. Night approaching, we put up near Mayslick, the whole of which was spent by me in weeping and promising God if he would spare me till morning I would pray and try to mend my life and abandon my wicked courses.

These vivid, realistic experiences of young Finley, then merging into manhood, fully illustrate the fatality of fleeing from the wrath to come. The morning he prayed for came and with it his conversion, full forty miles away from the scenes of his demoralization; he

leaves this vindication to posterity of the effectiveness of revolution wrought in the minds and hearts of the converts at that great meeting. "Men of the most depraved hearts and vicious habits were made new creatures, and a whole life of virtue subsequently confirmed the conversion."

The spirit of revival in religion which had swept over the infant State, and even gone beyond her borders, was summarily checked at the next, the close of the series of meetings by the doctrinaires of confessional faiths, who called a halt to the new mode of discrediting and repudiating the tenets of their belief. Thus the wave subsided, ending the year it began, excepting its adoption by the Methodists, who continue it to this day.

Stone's response to the church tribunal at Lexington, on the occasion of his licensure, demonstrated his unwillingness to endorse the articles of faith of his church without reservation. The spirit of opposition to some of them had been manifest. His later experiences at camp-meetings, at which religious party zeal had not asserted itself, was surely not calculated to increase his estimate or impair his judgment on the correctness of some of its articles. In fact, it was confirmatory, and its effect was to further liberalize his views. In this attitude he was not alone among the ministers of his church. His worthy example had borne legitimate fruit. There were Richard McNemar, Robert Marshall, John Thompson and John Dunlevy. The three former had come with Finley to Kentucky; McNemar, Thompson and Dunlevy had become citizens of Ohio. Party spirit was in full power and had assumed her imperial sway. Recreancy to church allegiance must be disciplined by the disfavor of the church either in suspension or expulsion. Charges had been preferred by the presbytery in

Ohio against McNemar, and the specifications of the charge were along the lines of disloyalty to the sacred creed, and he appealed his case to the synod at Lexington, Ky. The church in her sovereign power determined to vindicate her rights and bring the accused to a realizing sense of the waywardness of his indefensible course. The remaining four were assured that whatever penalty was imposed on McNemar would be incurred by them.

The strategy of masters in war may be practiced in church as well as in civil tribunals. The counter-stroke was invoked and dispositions made to parry the coming thrust. The judicial body of the church is in session and the accused is before it. An intermission of the trial occurs, and, fully convinced of its results, they retire to a neighboring garden and offer an invocation to the Most High to guide them aright; they prepare a declaration of independence and present it to the tribunal, formally withdrawing from the mother church. All the signers were deemed guilty of insubordination and were formally suspended. This demonstration, this act of the right to assert and practice religious freedom, had a bright example in Martin Luther centuries before, in his withdrawal from the Catholic Church. And the disposition to affirm and maintain political and religious freedom was an English inheritance from the pen of that mighty genius, Somers, who wielded it on lines so trenchant and magnificent as to reinstall the sublime authority of Briton's ancient constitution, resulting in the exile of James II., who had totally disregarded it, and in the enthronement of William and Mary. A century later the lesson had not been forgotten by our colonies, when in the throes of revolution the statesmanship of George Mason penned that immortal state paper, known as the

"Declaration of Rights," the ablest and most comprehensive instrument ever submitted to a parliamentary assemblage, the first of its kind, and later refashioned by Thomas Jefferson, 1776.

These several declarations, as cited, indicated the advent of political and religious liberty no more effectively than did the declaration of Stone and his associates, which forever dissevered the ties which bound them to the mother church.

Thus within a few brief years the successive steps had been taken, more and more hostile to the domination of human creeds, and inevitably leading to their utter repudiation and the formation of a church upon purely apostolic lines.

This was an era of declarations, from religious bodies intolerant of the restriction imposed by certain articles of the Confession of Faith, and a further departure from Presbyterian ranks occurred at Washington, Pa., in the forming of the Christian Association by Thomas Campbell, Aug. 18, 1809, five years after the withdrawal of Stone and his associates at Cane Ridge, June 28, 1804. Alexander Campbell,[1] the distinguished son, landing at Philadelphia, Oct. 7, 1809, became associated with his father in advocacy of the cause. The Presbyterian Synod was antagonistic to the movement, condemning the irregular procedure. Father and son were finally convinced that a complete separation from old affiliations was necessary to the preservation of the movement. This was accomplished in the spring of 1811. They were thus moving in parallel lines with Stone and his colaborers.

Alexander Campbell was the ablest promoter and ex-

[1] "Life of A. Campbell," by A. Richardson.

pounder of the independent faith it ever had, and as Christian, scholar, author, debater, preacher, lecturer, has not been surpassed, if equaled, by the pulpit of America. The most homely, practical estimate and the most comprehensive analysis of his power and effectiveness in the pulpit, I heard from an old friend, a farmer and follower,[1] who said: "While the average preacher devotes a sermon to shelling a few grains of wheat from the chaff, Campbell in the same time would separate a sheaf." As to his personality, I quote the words of the most superb character of the century past, Robert E. Lee: "If Mr. Campbell had been delegated as one of his species to any one of the superior worlds, he would have suggested a grand idea of the human race."

That particular declaration, familiar to all, which overshadows all others in political significance, the immortal instrument of 1776, which in its preamble held certain truths to be self-evident, has impressed itself upon the entire world. It has resulted in the Governments of Europe making liberal concessions and granting reforms to their people. Even in far-off China and Japan the spirit of liberty is awakening and each has been forced to respite heresies of misgovernment. The divine right of kings, a relic of feudal ages, is being supplanted by the inherent rights of the people, and their recognition, full and complete, is a consequence of the inexorable logic of events which followed from the teachings of Mason and Jefferson, with which the rulers of earth were not impressed, continuing their despotic sway undisturbed until the reckoning has come. Why may not the religious world heed the unmistakable trend of the century past and profit by a later declara-

[1] Wesley Ware, Mason County, Ky.

tion, that of June 28, 1804, in which the creed of man is laid aside and the code of the Bible substituted—"A basis of Christian union upon the Bible alone as the rule of faith and practice for the people of God"?

Jefferson embodied the sum total in a few paragraphs, which as a form of government has proven sufficient to revolutionize the nations; Stone in a simple sentence, ample in its authoritative foundation, its durability and simplicity for all peoples of the earth. "What progress are we making?" At home our church bells sound in every State and Territory, Mexico and the Canadas, building fifteen hundred churches with annual additions of one hundred thousand souls, and her rate of increase,[1] according to the last census in the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, was largely in excess of that of any of the denominations.

The five suspended ministers were more or less intimately associated at Cane Ridge; McNemar, Dunlavy and Thompson were schoolfellows at the Log Cabin Seminary; Marshall had come with Finley from Virginia, an associate minister, and Stone had succeeded the latter in the pulpits made vacant by his removal. This decision of the synod in summary suspension was totally indefensible and illegal so far as it related to Stone. "Do you endorse the Confession of Faith?" "Only so far as I see it consistent with the word of God." They immediately organized the Springfield Presbytery with headquarters at Cane Ridge. All united in an address to their former congregations, explanatory of their action in withdrawing, giving their views of the gospel, the causes of separation and objections to the Confession of

[1] Last U. S. Census.

Faith, and their repudiation of all creeds. The Bible alone was accepted as the only rule of faith and practice.

Soon after this Stone makes appointments at Cane Ridge and Concord, and tells his people he can no longer support the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church, is no longer entitled to the salary voted him, and he destroys the subscription-lists in their presence. He announced that he should continue to preach among them, but not in his former capacity. He expressed himself as "never having known a people more loving, kind and orderly, never the relation of minister and church more harmonious, and never a greater attachment to any people than to these." Strong words—what response made they to this high panegyric?, Their only response was to approve his course. If there was defection in their ranks, local history has been charitably silent. Preaching and establishing churches under the new order of presbytery proved auspicious for a season, when it dawned on the pioneers that in blazing the way through a theological virgin forest, the name Presbyterian, to which they still adhered, was proving an obstacle across their path, partaking of a sectarian spirit, and this they determined to eliminate. The body assembled at Cane Ridge, and here, June 28, 1804, the last will and testament was prepared, signed, sealed, witnessed and published to the world. This announced the end of the Springfield Presbytery, "taking the name Christian—the name given to the disciples by divine appointment first at Antioch—expressed their total abandonment of all human creeds, and accepted the Bible alone as the only rule of faith and practice;" and thus was begun the restoration of the church of Christ one hundred and six years ago. That Stone and his associates wrought in wisdom, for the guidance and well-being of all the ages to come, a foundation

most enduring upon which the followers of Christ and his teachings may forever stand, is assured from the unmistakable career of advancement in the century past.

The aggressive, open hostility of the parent church to her former children was declared from every pulpit, and the thunders of denunciation and wrath aroused the profoundest sympathy for the offending few. The inevitable result was division in their churches and accessions to the ranks of their offending brothers. Under the impetus of vituperation from the mother churches, ministers and members were added to the movement, which seemed to be assured, when its progress was ruthlessly checked by the untimely advent of three Shakers from the East, of polished address and affable manner, yet insidious in design, who secured a warm welcome by heartily endorsing their withdrawal from the mother church. They taught a doctrine subversive of the marriage state, with other features equally destructive of society and religion. Stone devoted himself day and night to successfully combating the false teachings, and in restoring to the fold the wandering members of his flock. This incursion was not confined to the infant church, but pervaded the entire religious field of this State and Ohio. The virulence of the mother church subsided to a great extent, when her energies were taxed in fighting a common foe. From this inroad on the social and religious fields the infant church lost three preachers—Houston, of Kentucky, and McNemar and Dunlavy, of Ohio. Stone at this period had voluntarily shared his pulpits and their revenues with David Purviance, who had been an elder of the church at Cane Ridge, an impressive example of his disinterested devotion to the best interests of the church.

The year of 1807 became a memorable era in the

career of Cane Ridge Church, on account of the baptism of many candidates. The first subject to request it was a young woman (it would be worth a king's ransom if her name were known). Soon after an elderly lady petitioned for the favor, which created consternation among the elders.[1] They possibly recalled that when that rite was performed the first time in America by the Baptists of Rhode Island, it was by authority of the parent church in England. They could not apply to that church, for, if conferred, that church would claim the subject. They stood alone with no parental authority on earth—not even an elder had been immersed.

In the quaint language of Purviance, "Stone published a meeting at a certain water on a day future." In consequence a large congregation assembled. To be literally exact in this veritable historic scene, I prefer to quote David Purviance, who was destined to become the stay and shield of the church in Ohio, his future home, soon after the baptism.

Reuben Dooley, later removing to Preble County, Ohio, was the preacher. "The young woman and several others were immersed by Stone. I recognized that it was a command of God which I was bound to obey. I called Stone and Dooley aside, made known my intention, and asked Stone to immerse me, which he consented to do. We approached the water after I had finished my address, and, before going in, Dooley said, quietly: 'As soon as you are baptized, I want you to put me under the water.' Accordingly he came forward and a number of others whom I baptized before I came up out of the water."

Historians describing events with which they were

[1] "History Protestant Denominations of United States."

familiar are sometimes very indefinite. One account refers to this important event as having occurred at some running water near Cane Ridge. Purviance refers to it as "a meeting at a certain water on a day future." Having been born within half a mile of the church, and being familiar from boyhood with the territory adjacent, the nearest stream with sufficient depth for the rite was three miles away; and I concluded that that was too remote. There were no natural bodies of water, and the artificial pool is a comparatively modern development. Observation, information, theory and philosophy were alike inadequate to the task of solving the question—the locality of the first baptism. Not one of the older members of the church could impart the least information, and the generation that knew had all passed away, leaving no record of the scene on a certain water. The effort was in vain. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

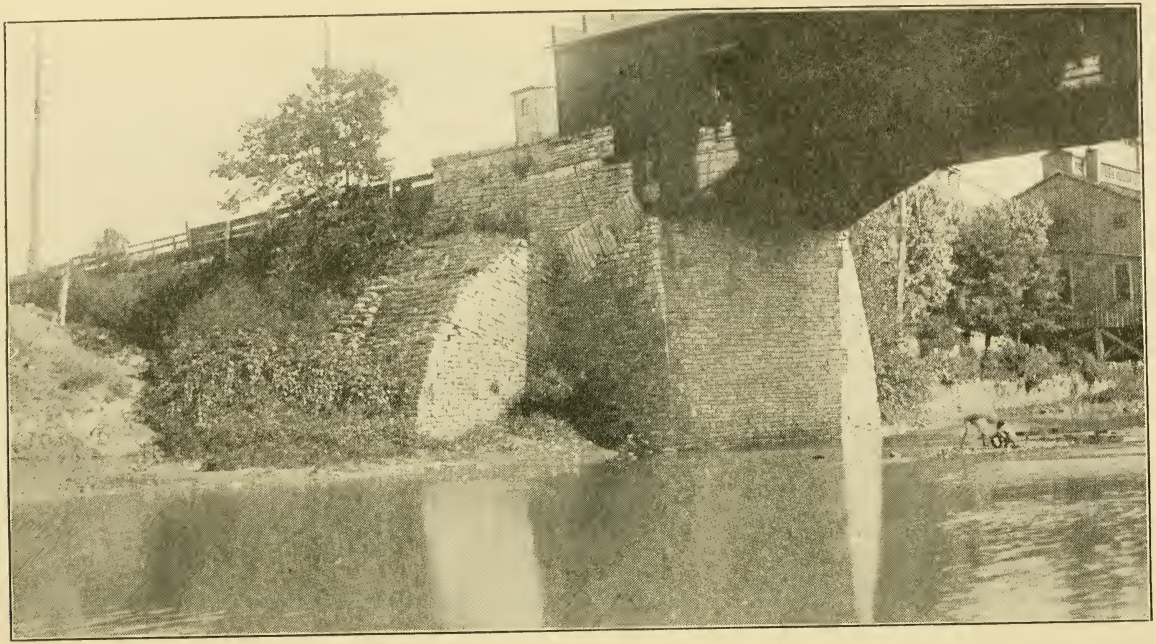
The solution came unexpectedly from Capt. James M. Thomas, an elder of the Christian Church of Paris.

"Who is your authority?"

"William Rogers, who pointed it out to me from the eastern entrance of the bridge over Stoner at Paris. There is where I was immersed in 1807."

The distance is seven miles from the church. That distance in later times would have proven a hindrance; not so with the fathers. Duty was a sublimer word then than now.

No member of the Kentucky Legislature ever acquitted himself so handsomely in his first effort on the floor of the house as did David Purviance, maintaining it throughout his legislative career, beginning in 1797 and ending in the spring of 1802. It was of exceeding brilliancy. At that period Bourbon County was entitled to six representatives, and these were elected upon the sole



SCENE OF FIRST BAPTISM OF CANE RIDGE CHURCH, JUNE, 1807—STONER CREEK, PARIS, KY.,
SEVEN MILES FROM THE CHURCH.

issue of opposition to the revival of a State court, the original bill constituting it having been repealed by the preceding Legislature. The bill to revive it was offered by John Breckinridge, then the most brilliant mind in the West, who became later the accomplished Attorney-General under Jefferson for eight years. Thus the issue was made. The combat between the intellectual gladiators was decreed. Another member had been expected to lead the opposition, but the effectiveness of the speech of the advocate and mover of the bill had been so overwhelming in its results that he deliberately retired from the contest. Consternation and the utter hopelessness of the cause of the people became a conviction in their already vanquished ranks. The orator closes with the enthusiastic plaudits and congratulations of the supporters. He who has proven recreant to the trust hurriedly approaches Purviance and said, "The people expect a speech in reply, and you must make it." I can not." And hastily retires to an obscure corner.

A faltering voice addresses the Chair and is recognized as the representative from Bourbon! There he stood towering in height above his fellows, clad in the domestic fabrics of the times, the raw material composing it grown by himself, clipped with his own hand, spun, woven and fashioned by the skill of his wife, for the first time a member of a parliamentary assemblage, who had never attempted a speech, but whose inherent powers of courage and capacity arose with the emergency, and the righteousness and supremacy of the people's cause he advocated was fully vindicated. The bill was lost and the people found a hero, and he continued their successful leader until he voluntarily retired from public life in 1802. He became a convert at the great meeting at Cane Ridge, united with the church, became

an elder, and devoted himself to the studies preparatory for the ministry. When there was every reason for further political advancement, he voluntarily retired from public life and sought the holy calling of the pulpit, doubtless with the conviction that the strife, contention and bickerings incident to the political arena would never subside, and that the only rest for the weary was in the sanctum of the student and of the minister. If such was his contemplation, he was doomed to disappointment. There was some subsidence in the political storm, new issues arose and fell, popular majorities, a great bulwark for a free people, would allay prejudice and opinion; but this new field of endeavor, which he was then entering upon, was destined to become the theater of a mighty upheaval in religious circles which would excite human passion into an intensity paling into insignificance that of any governmental policy based on political differences. The first glimpse we have of him in this dramatic act of laying the foundation of a faith, is the appearance of his signature to the "Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery,"[1] severing the sole remaining tie connecting the daughter with the mother church.

The experience of Purviance as a public speaker, his readiness in debate, his intellectual encounters with the accomplished minds of the State, and in the upward flight of his two ablest opponents—one to the United States Senate, the other to the Cabinet of Jefferson—"they bore in their talons none of his flesh, upon their beaks none of his blood," rendered him on certain lines superior to any minister of his day. His loyalty never wavered, and as the struggle for independence continued, beset with difficulty, environed with opposition,

[1] For text of the "Last Will and Testament," see page 172 of this volume.

denounced as heretics, and their acts as subversive of all religion, groping in the dark for a period for the details of a belief the outline of which alone they had fully conceived, it was providential that a Moses should appear to lead them out of the wilderness. It was the conception of Purviance, and he was the first preacher of the Christian Church to repudiate infant baptism, affirming that "the only baptism known to the New Testament of a believing penitent was immersion in water." Purviance moved to Preble County, Ohio, in the fall of 1807.

Further depletion in the ranks of the original protestants was soon to occur, in the desertion of Marshall, in Kentucky, and Thompson, in Ohio, returning to the parent church. Their disloyalty had for a period been suspected; their departure occasioned no surprise. Of the original principals of the "Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery," probated in that highest court of justice, from which there is no appeal, were left alone Stone, of Kentucky, and Purviance, of Ohio. It was fortunate indeed that they were thus apart; the strong arm of each was thrown around the infantile structure in loving embrace, and no further disintegration occurred.

From that critical period in colonial affairs, when independence was swinging in the balance on account of the desertion of one of its most valiant defenders, the crime has been detested by every lover of liberty. It proved the strongest incentive to renewed effort with the patriot host to achieve their independence. Many of the colaborers with Stone were heroes of that struggle, upholding the banners of freedom upon the plains of the Carolinas, at King's Mountain and at Yorktown. They quaffed draughts of inspiration from that infamous procedure at West Point and on the Hudson, and the

effect of it all was renewed allegiance to cause and commander—the only Washington. In this the second effort for freedom, their support of their leader, who stood alone undismayed, was like that given to Washington, sublimely loyal and heroic, like that of Abdiel—"Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."

The parallel lines in the careers of Finley and Stone, so intimately associated with the church at Cane Ridge, are impressive. Both were graduates of learned institutions and men of classic attainments. Stone further added at different periods of life a knowledge of French and Hebrew; they were regularly ordained ministers of the Presbyterian Church. In the beneficent ministrations of their holy calling, they practically labored in the same field, which embraced sections of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Kentucky; and Stone's itinerary included Tennessee. He also filled the pulpits in the fall of 1796 which had become vacant by Finley's removal the spring before. Both were slave-owners, though morally opposed to the institution, giving them freedom and watchful care and guidance in after life. Finley died a minister of the Methodist Church, and Stone of the church of Christ. Each removed from one locality to another no less than seven times.

The Scriptural sacred number seven, in its integral parts, was a prime factor in the meeting-house at Cane Ridge. The sacred numeral seems a century later to have repeated itself in the raising of funds to build a Christian Church at St. Paul, Minn., through the effective agency of an offspring from the church here.

"How much was collected for the church to-day?" said the good wife to the husband on returning to his home from his place of business.

"Only seven cents," was the terse response.

"At that rate the church will never be built," responded the wife.

In his sleep, as in his thoughts by day, the seven-cent collection for an entire day was constantly uppermost and would not down; in his dreams there flitted across his mind a memory of the repeated references in Scripture to the figure seven, its sacredness; and, while the inspiration was upon him, a booklet was prepared and published, embodying the repeated allusions to the sacred number, and sent broadcast over the West with the request that "the reader should not restrict himself to seven cents; simply to remember that that sum, or its multiple, would place one brick or more in the walls of the church." This original plea was so generously responded to that the church was built and dedicated to the living God with no financial obligation resting thereon.

When it is recited as veritable history that the principal in the brief colloquy between husband and wife was William E. Rogers, namesake and grandson of William Rogers, the first clerk, whose natal day was July 7, 1784, the achievement of the author of the booklet was his by right of inheritance.

The clerkship of the church has been in one family and its connections from the first. The oldest list of members known to exist bears the date of 1838, and while some names are retained of the original, shows unquestionably that it is a copy, the original having been lost. William Rogers, the first clerk, left a brief outline of the church embracing the period from 1804 to 1836, and in 1872 a younger son, who had succeeded him in the clerkship, Benjamin F. Rogers, purposed writing the history of the church, and the afternoon of the first day of his initial effort to perpetuate the record of her most

eventful career was stricken with a fatal malady, and suddenly passed away.

MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH.

"Cane Ridge Church was erected as a house of worship by the Presbyterians and a church constituted on the Westminster Confession of Faith in 1791, and chose Robert W. Finley as pastor. He continued to perform the duties of that station till the year 1796, when he was suspended and removed to the Territory of Ohio. Barton Warren Stone was then elected pastor, and continued as such until the year 1803. He then left the Presbyterians and in the year 1804, on the 28th day of June, he constituted and organized a church of the apostolic order. Stone continued as minister of this church, with about two years' intermission, until the year 1822. Francis R. Palmer was then engaged as minister until the year 1836." After him, Leonard Fleming served about two years. Then came the noble, imposing, silver-tongued evangelist, John Allen Gano, whose teaching from her pulpit was of thirty years' duration. Continuing the succession were John Rogers, Benjamin Franklin, Dr. L. L. Pinkerton, Samuel Rogers, Aylette Raines, R. M. Gano, John I. Rogers, Moses E. Lard, Jesse Holton, Thomas N. Arnold, Samuel Crutcher, Benjamin Ricketts, McDermott, Clinton Lockhart, Harding, Dixon, Farleigh, L. H. Reynolds, J. W. McGarvey, Jr., J. T. Sharrard, Nathan Brooks, Charles Brooks, Milton Elliott, C. H. Dick, Professor Buffington, and perhaps others.

OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

Barton Warren Stone and David Purviance were the first elders, and their history is that of the church which they founded.

VIEW OF THE "OLD CASTLE" HOMESTEAD, THE ABODE OF WILLIAM ROGERS, FOR FIFTY YEARS, FIRST CLERK OF THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, 1807.

James Houston and John M. Irvin were next in succession. The former was among the first settlers on Cane Ridge in 1789, and survived all of his fellow-members of the first congregation under Finley. The latter was familiar with his Bible, and was the first man I remember to preside over the table of the Lord's Supper.

In his fourteenth year William Rogers, with his father, Nathaniel, removed from Campbell County, Va., to Cane Ridge, Bourbon Co., Ky., where the family settled in the spring of 1798. Thirty-seven days were consumed in the journey, by way of Cumberland Gap. He made the good confession before Elders Stone and Purviance, with his wife, Anne Cornock, in June, 1807. He was the first layman baptized by authority of the mother church of that date. David Purviance was the first and Reuben Dooley was the second; the former an elder of Cane Ridge Church, and the latter a minister of the gospel. From this eventful era in his career he became a devoted student of the Bible, and his long after life illustrated an unfaltering allegiance to its sublime teaching. Self-educated, he was familiar with English and American history and general literature. He wrote with force and precision, as the chapter contributed to the life of David Purviance indicates. The later evolution of steel pens never met his approval, and throughout his career he adhered rigidly to the use of the quill. Exceeding fifty years he was an official of his church, alternating his position from the first clerkship to that of elder, at the will of his brethren. A man of splendid business qualifications, he early in life secured a competency, rearing about him a home of comfort and hospitality, which he called "The Old Castle." Throughout his wife's long career, a period of fifty years, it was a

Mecca to his children. Here was assured a hearty greeting to the minister, layman and every caller. Christmas Day every member of his family was an expected guest under the old rooftree until the death of his wife and the infirmities of age determined him to live among his sons. On matters of business relating to the church in any representative capacity, he was always mentioned first by his minister or brethren. A God-fearing man of prayer, at both church and home, his rule of action was inflexible. A lover of peace, he was a peacemaker, and in that role of achievement no party to a personal difference was ever known to arouse the wrath of the community by refusing his terms of arbitration. On lifting his hat in response to the salutation of a negro, "You bow to a darky?" "Yes, sir, I can not allow a servant to outdo me in politeness," was the ready response.

He became guardian of a daughter of a deceased friend and brother. Soon after her marriage, the couple was invited to make the guardian a visit. In submitting the account of the business relations between the former ward and guardian to the husband, he was disposed to question some details; the wife quietly, but firmly, said to her husband, "You do not know my guardian as I do. He is incapable of wrong. Accept every statement as it is made to you." Of elegant and soldierly stature, of extreme height, impressive dignity and affability, companionable with his sons, and the most considerate, affectionate man to the ladies of his household, I have known. Especially was his courtesy and regard for his granddaughters manifested in every circle in which he mingled. He died in 1862 at the residence of his son, Harvey Addison. From the windows of the apartment occupied at his death, he was in full view of the sight of

his cabin home in the wilderness, where he first began housekeeping; where he and his wife, Anne Cornock, confessed their Saviour, and of "The Old Castle," the home where his sons attained bright manhood through the fostering care and ennobling example of a most worthy sire.

Hamilton Wilson was one of the earliest members of the church. Familiar with his constant companion, the Bible, his life was an illustration of its holy teaching. He and William Rogers were colaborers and coelders in the cause and near neighbors for fifty years. The latter has left the record that in that mighty span of years there were no differences between them, reminding us of the compliment of a distinguished citizen to the then first lady of the land, Dolly Madison, of the White House, "Everybody loves Dolly Madison." "And Dolly Madison loves everybody," she spiritedly replied. Hamilton Wilson and the entire circle of his acquaintance reciprocally illustrated this beautiful sentiment.

On the veranda of his home one beautiful morning, William Rogers and his guest were in the midst of a discussion on an agreeable topic, when there appeared in plain view the person of Hamilton Wilson. "There comes a man from whom you have not learned anything," said the minister. "On the contrary, sir, I have learned from him the lesson of my life, to never speak ill of any one." What more impressive lesson was ever taught by master to pupil?

John Barnett early in life became a member and was a true Christian, a lover of his Bible and his church; a man of prayer, he illustrated in his daily walk the sincerity of his convictions.

Hiram M. Roseberry and Butler Hall were men of standing and influence within and without the church.

Harvey Addison Rogers became a member in 1833, and soon after was ordained a deacon of the church, filling that position most creditably until his final summons. The role of peacemaker in the community was a paternal inheritance, and most successfully did he practice and maintain it. He was an expert in the exact science of mathematics, and no complicated problem was ever presented to him which he did not readily solve. Attributable to his methodical accuracy in every detail, his thorough honesty and unerring judgment of values, he settled more estates than any man of his day. Economic in habit, conservative in opinion, he taught by precept and example these most effective lessons to his family and friends. Regular in his church attendance, devoted to his official duties, a constant reader of his Bible and a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, realizing months in advance his inevitable end, he met its silent and regular approach with courage and resignation. He had placed his house in order, and was in readiness for the call. A neighbor of observation and of years, paying a neighborly call, made this terse comment: "Harvey Rogers contemplates death with perfect serenity, no regret, hesitancy or doubt."

In final preparation for the closing events of his early career he prepared the following clauses to his last will and testament: "Having disposed, as far as I am able, of all my earthly goods, I wish now to bequeath to my wife and children, brethren and friends, my dying advice and blessing. Throughout my short career I have been a man of peace and unity. Early in life I embraced the Christian faith. Though weak and frail, and often erring, I have always endeavored in my humble way to hold fast to the confession of my faith, without wavering. I have given to my children my property, but when

I commend to them the Christian religion, I offer to them an inheritance, in my judgment, inexpressibly more valuable than all this world can give. It is my dying prayer that not only my own family, but all to whom I am bound by ties of blood and relationship, and all my brethren and friends, should so live and walk and honor the profession they have made, that we may all meet in that better land to part no more forever. Especially to my brethren at old Cane Ridge, I would say, live and love together as long as life lasts; do not surrender the old church with all its hallowed associations and memories as long as there remains a voice to be heard in prayer or a song in praise."

Warren Brown, the second son of William Rogers, became a convert at the great revival at North Middletown in 1838, became a member at Cane Ridge, and soon after was ordained as deacon. As son, brother, father, husband, associate, friend, neighbor, citizen, man, Christian, the measurement of the highest standard might be applied with the unvarying result in the final estimate—of pure gold. His courage, chivalry, deference to his seniors, to woman, his inborn courtesy, fondness for children, consideration for young men, rendered him the most popular man in the community of his day. His love of truth, his generosity and thorough frankness, with all their kindred attributes, which his beautiful character so well illustrated, "was a combination and a form indeed, where every god did set his seal to give the world assurance of a man."

The following incident illustrates his unwavering loyalty to truth. Early in the war between the States he was summoned by the United States Court at Covington, Ky., with many citizens of the county, to appear before the grand jury of that court, to testify against the citi-

zens of the county who were accused of furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy. This threw a large element of citizenship into alarm and consternation, and when it became known that Warren Rogers' name was on the list, his friends, with a younger brother, Benjamin, at their head, called a secret council and with one voice decided that he must leave the country to avoid attendance upon the court; that his love for truth was so well known in the community that any statement made by him, under oath or otherwise, would be the truth, which would convict his countrymen. His response came in no uncertain terms: "To leave my home and family to avoid attendance upon the court is a confession of guilt. I have done nothing I am ashamed of or regret. I shall obey the summons." "Yes," said the brother, "and convict your friends." "Whatever I testify to will be the truth." "That we know, and that convicts." The sequel soon came. Warren Rogers is sworn and appears before the jury, after quite a number of witnesses had testified. "Do you know, Mr. Rogers," said the court, "of any one who has rendered aid and comfort to the enemies of your Government, contributed guns, ammunition, horses, money or clothing?" "I do," said the witness. "Tell the jury what you know," said the judge. "I furnished my son, who is in the Southern Army, with a horse, money and clothing." "Mr. Rogers, you are the only witness to tell the truth who has testified to-day; you are discharged. Go to your home and remain a peaceful citizen." He preferred, contrary to the rules of evidence, to convict himself rather than his political friends. That noble character of the ministry, John Allen Gano, who loved Cane Ridge and its church, and whose people revere his memory, filling her pulpit at intervals for thirty years, often repeated this observation on the char-

acter of Warren Rogers, whose duty it was as one of the deacons to assist the candidates for immersion into and out of the water at some near-by pool. Said Brother Gano, "I have immersed thousands of candidates throughout central Kentucky, the officers of the church rendering needed assistance; in all of my experience, and I am a close observer, in courtesy, deference and consideration for candidates, whether they were rich or poor, bond or free, the deportment of Warren Rogers excels that of any brother I have ever been associated with." To every appeal, from church or charity, he was a generous giver, and his most liberal aid, in uplifting poor, worthy young men with his endorsement, was proverbial. His chivalric devotion to a nervous, delicate young daughter, whom he had escorted to a dental office, had the surgeon to extract an unoffending tooth to prove to the daughter the painlessness of the operation, was a characteristic act. A letter before me, written in 1864, by the Hon. Garrett Davis, then a member of the United States Senate, always an uncompromising partisan, refers to Warren Rogers as "one of nature's noblemen." His abhorrence of untruth, detestation of petty acts of selfishness and meanness, with all their guilty train of human action, were striking attributes of his most admirable character.

John W. Skillman is doubtless the senior in age of any member ever borne upon the rolls of the church; enlisted in the cause of his Master at the great revival held at North Middletown, five miles away, under John T. Johnson, the great early revivalist, in 1838. He became a member at that date of Cane Ridge Church, and for seventy-one years has lived a Christian life. With his extreme age pressing heavily upon him, he has outlived all of his known contemporaries. Having lost

the sense of sight and hearing, his constant prayer to the Most High is to be safely crossed over the dark river. He has attained his ninety-eighth year. He served as clerk and elder in excess of fifty years. A man of prayer, devoted to singing, constant in his church attendance when in possession of all his faculties, liberal in all his contributions to the cause, may be said with truth of our senior member. Fond of his friends, his hospitality has been characteristic, and no one ever left his door in want. At the bedside of the sick and those in distress, the evidence of his presence was never wanting. In all the vicissitudes of his prolonged career he has been equal to the emergencies which have confronted him, and is fairly entitled to the plaudit, "Well done." Sad is the reflection, "I have had playmates, I have had companions, in my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays; all are gone, the old familiar faces."

An inspection of the record of the membership of the church discloses a golden era in her history about 1838, presenting a trinity which in subsequent life became men of distinction. Memory recurs to the oft-repeated lines:

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The briefest outline of the later careers of the modest country teacher, of a young clerk in a village store, and a common stonemason, illustrate the aptness of the enduring quotation. The names of Stone and Purviance have been borne upon thy rolls, illustrious mother, and their sagacity, piety and wisdom have become accepted of men. Other niches must be cut on thy immortal scroll for sons whose achievements were worthy of their origin. This teacher of the country school became

ELDER JOHN W. SKILLMAN, SEATED ON STEPS DRESSED BY JOEL T. HART, THE SCULPTOR.
Member of Cane Ridge Church seventy-two years. Crossing over the river in his ninety-eighth year.

a convert and united with the church at Cane Ridge, March, 1838, and bore the name of Robert Milligan. He began his splendid career as teacher of Latin, Greek and mathematics at the crossroad village of Little Rock, three miles east of the church, in 1837, and the year following received as compensation for teaching this school one hundred dollars per month, which enabled him to finish his course at Washington College, Pennsylvania, graduating with distinction and becoming a member of the faculty of his *alma mater*.

The departments that he conducted and the institutions over which he presided are indicated in the following lines:

Washington College, Pennsylvania—English, 1840-49 or 50; A. M., in 1843; Chemistry and Natural History, 1849 or 50-52.

Indiana University—Mathematics, 1852-3. Declined degree of D. D. Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, 1853-4.

Bethany College—Mathematics, 1854-9.

Kentucky University, Harrodsburg—President of the University and Professor of Biblical Literature and Moral Science, 1859-65.

Kentucky University, Lexington—Presiding Officer of the Colleges of Liberal Arts and the Bible, 1865-6. Presiding Officer of the College of Liberal Arts and Professor of Sacred Literature, 1866-75 (the year of his death).

That he was an accomplished scholar the different chairs over which he presided in his splendid career fully attest. As the able expounder of intricate passages of the Bible he was lucid and convincing—the peer of any Biblical scholar of his day.

Jesse E. Peyton attained distinction upon other lines

of individual endeavor, which had been made possible by the suggestion of an influential senior. He was clerking at the village store of Little Rock when Milligan had charge of the school. As my guest and his escort he visited the scenes of his early years at the village, after an absence of fifty years, and pointed out a weather-beaten log residence, twenty by twenty feet, with an ell, as the storeroom he occupied during his clerkship, and gave this incident, which influenced his entire after career and led to a new field, more extended in operation, where he achieved success in the more profitable enterprise of an importing merchant. "Jesse," said William Rogers, "there is no advancement here; get away." "I pondered over the kindly advice, and determined to follow it; and in brief time was on my way to Philadelphia." His agreeable personality and strict integrity won him staunch friends; he became a man of influence in his adopted city and elsewhere in the East. He was the author of the generous movement among the importing merchants and manufacturers of that city, which resulted in the financial relief of the patriot statesman, Henry Clay.

Peyton, in his laudable endeavor to establish himself in business at Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the East, without a name and without capital, was indeed worthy of commendation and emulation. His capital was his character, which won him at the inception of his enterprise a personal ally more potent that never deserted him. No man ever left Kentucky to establish a home among strangers who bore with him endorsements from more distinguished sources. His letters were from Henry Clay; Henry Bell, then the most prominent merchant in the State, and Gov. Thomas Metcalfe, who had for many terms represented his district in Congress, who had been

R. MILLIGAN.

impressed with "How slow rises merit by poverty oppressed," who began his splendid career as a stonemason. One of Clay's letters was to the cashier of the Girard Bank, William D. Lewis, through whose courtesy Peyton became known to the most eminent men of the city, and whose unvarying friendship ceased only with his life—his patron in the East as Clay was in the West. The following incidents illustrate how each was repaid.

Two years after his advent in his new home he had occasion to return to Kentucky, and whilst at Lexington in the law office of Clay's son, James B., the distinguished father appeared. His stay was brief, his face drawn, and his manner much depressed. That kindling eye, impressive manner and erect form which had inspired an American Senate and enthused his political followers as no other leader ever did, no longer exhibited the undaunted spirit of Henry Clay.

"What is disturbing your father?" said Peyton to the son.

"He has become so involved in his endorsements to a friend's paper, who has failed, that he will be compelled to sell his home to meet the obligation," he replied.

"What is the liability?"

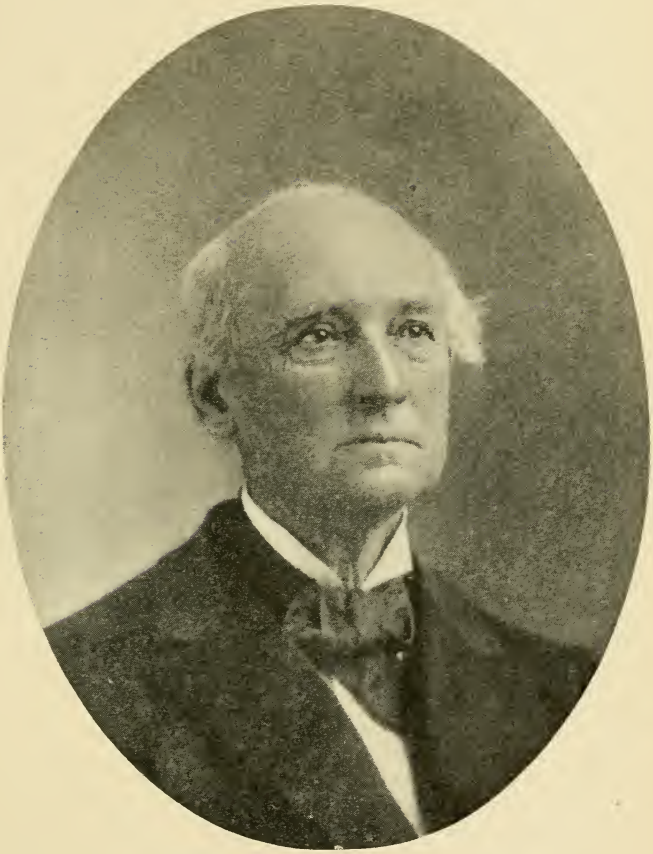
"About forty thousand dollars."

Peyton returned to his Eastern home and called on David A. Brown, narrated the misfortunes of the great statesman, and made the plea that "the manufacturers and commission merchants of the city handling American goods could unite and relieve Mr. Clay and never feel it; that it was a duty they owed to a patriot and public benefactor." Mr. Brown was so impressed that he agreed to see his friends and report progress later. A second meeting occurred, when the principal said, "It is all right;

Mr. Clay will be taken care of; but his friends do not want him to know who did it, except as friends in gratitude and admiration." Ashland was saved. Clay had no following in all the Union so devoted to his political fortunes as the Whigs of Philadelphia, and the above incident is so generous and loyal I hope to further perpetuate the memory of it. Their love for the chieftain just at this period, 1843, is further emphasized by their issuance of a life-size steel engraving of the great Commoner, executed by John Sargeant, with brief quotations from his speeches with his signature, H. Clay. I have the engraving among my treasures, commemorating alike the patriot and the incident. In 1848 Taylor became President. William D. Lewis, the special friend of Peyton, to whom he bore the letter from Clay, was a candidate for the collectorship of the port, and was bitterly opposed by a hostile element of the party. The President sent as confidential messenger over to the city, the Hon. Bailey Peyton, then a distinguished Senator from Tennessee, to ascertain the cause of opposition. The Peytons were relatives, and upon Jesse's assurance that the appointment was proper in every particular, his friend received it, and thus he was enabled to requite the obligations he owed his benefactors, Henry Clay and William D. Lewis.

The attempt to revive the Whig party by the nomination of Bell and Everett in the historic triangular campaign for the Presidency in 1860, was an emanation from the teeming brain of Peyton.[1] He was the originator and by personal influence succeeded in arousing among the people of the East sufficient interest to properly celebrate

[1] John W. Woodside, Commissioner of Pennsylvania Centennial of Washington's Inauguration. Poem, "Past and Present," dedicated to Jesse D. Peyton.



COL. JESSE E. PEYTON.

the first series of centennials, beginning at Philadelphia and ending at Yorktown.

The stonemason, a follower of the most humble calling of the trio, has left in this community a number of specimens of his handiwork. We have a stone fence, chimneys, springhouses, steps to mansions, and, as his chisel grew more cunning and his hand more skillful, he entered the portals of a higher art and carved a monument which stands in a neighboring burial-ground.

This was Joel T. Hart, also a resident of Little Rock, with its less than one hundred souls. Like the others, he took his departure for Lexington, Ky., thence to Italy and to immortality.

In 1884 the State made a sufficient appropriation to send a special commission to Italy for his remains, to reinter them in the State lot at the capital, and to erect a handsome monument to his memory.

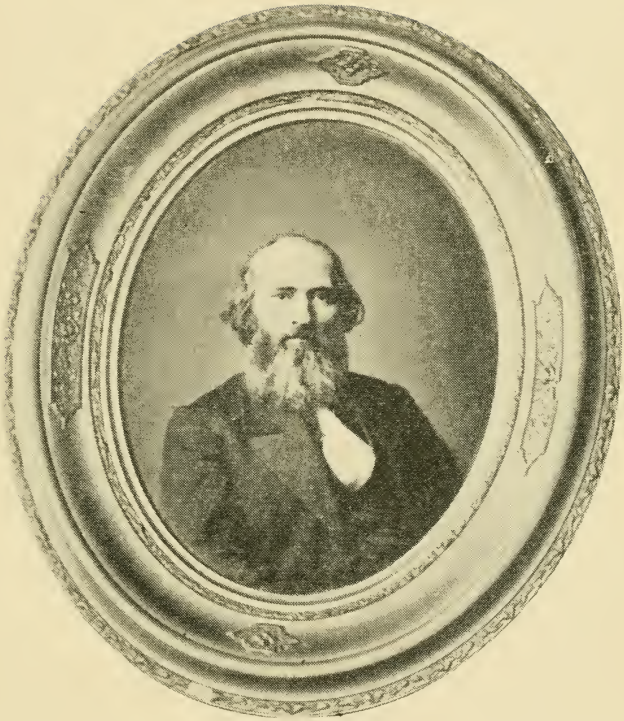
The village of Little Rock was truly a great factor in the splendid career of the great Commoner. Peyton secured the discharge of his obligations, whilst Hart, with equal admiration and devotion for the statesman, perpetuated his form and face to coming generations in lasting marble. His Christian hymn-book, compiled by Barton Stone, with his autograph, is now the property of John I. Fisher, of Louisville, Ky. As a highly prized relic, I have from the chisel of Hart a representation of the Bible in stone, beautifully carved and polished. He has been described by those who knew him as a man of infinite address and polish, and of exceeding modesty, of which an incident in connection with the building of the stone fence mentioned above is a mute witness. A dressed stone, six inches square, bearing his initials, was placed by him on the inside of the stone wall outlining the public highway. Anticipating the criticism that indif-

ferent workmanship would prompt concealment, the suggestion is offered that the wall was built seventy-five years ago and to-day protects the enclosure. It is narrated that a teacher of the school at Harrow quelled a spirit of insubordination among his pupils by silently pointing to a name traced in boyish thoughtlessness upon her classic walls, a name obscured by none in all the bright realm of English poesy—"Who drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts that common millions might have quenched, and then died of thirst because there was no more to drink." No other has said of himself, "That he awoke one morning and found that he was famous."—*Byron.*

The log structure of a schoolhouse near by may have had the name of Hart upon its undressed walls; its site alone remains. Posterity, the lovers of art in Europe and America, have written it for him on "Fame's Eternal Camping-ground," where the young and aspiring may become impressed with the lesson that, though born in obscurity, he left his name among the immortals.

The devotion of the ladies of the South to the memory of the great orator and statesman, Henry Clay, was demonstrated by their commissions to the sculptor from the cities of Louisville, New Orleans and Richmond to delineate his form and face in marble of heroic size. These several tasks he completed to the entire satisfaction of every personal friend and admirer who has seen them. His fame could rest alone securely upon these achievements. A number of other works were the result of his skill and industry, noticeably busts of Andrew Jackson, Crittenden, Cassius M. Clay and Alexander Campbell.[1]

[1] Found by Methodist minister in Italy. Now at Bethany College. —J. W. McGarvey.



JOEL T. HART.

Modern sculpture as a high art, like that of painting, recognizes the old masters alone as having perfected their works as models of their kind—a standard to be imitated by all after ages. It was destined by fate that a departure from beaten paths should be ventured by a genius, creating in enduring marble a conception which has provoked the plaudits of all lovers of the art. In "Woman Triumphant" his lofty ideal was perfected, and it brought him fame after death. He threw aside the models of the ancient East, for the conceptions of their models paid tribute only to the physical attributes of woman. Beauty was paramount; character, brains, subordinate, not worthy of portrayal. He had as the most potent incentive constantly before him the ideal design that a Kentucky artist, the first in her history, and a lover from early manhood, was paying tribute to a Kentucky woman, the most perfect of her kind. Unless his marble conception depicted character in face as well as perfect physical outlines, his Venus would be radically defective. With a constancy most heroic, he had through life beneath the bright skies of a foreign land, the home of the masterpieces in the kindred art of both painting and sculpture, amid toils and poverty, kept this ideal constantly uppermost, and "Woman Triumphant," his latest work and masterpiece, was unveiled before an admiring world. The original group was purchased by an association of women in the bluegrass from Tiffany, New York, and placed in the rotunda of the court-house at Lexington, Ky., in 1884. The building and its contents were totally destroyed by fire five years later. Very recently the discovery has been made, through the voluntary efforts of the Hon. Brutus Clay, resident of this section, now American Minister at the Switzerland Government, that the original model of Hart's genius is ex-

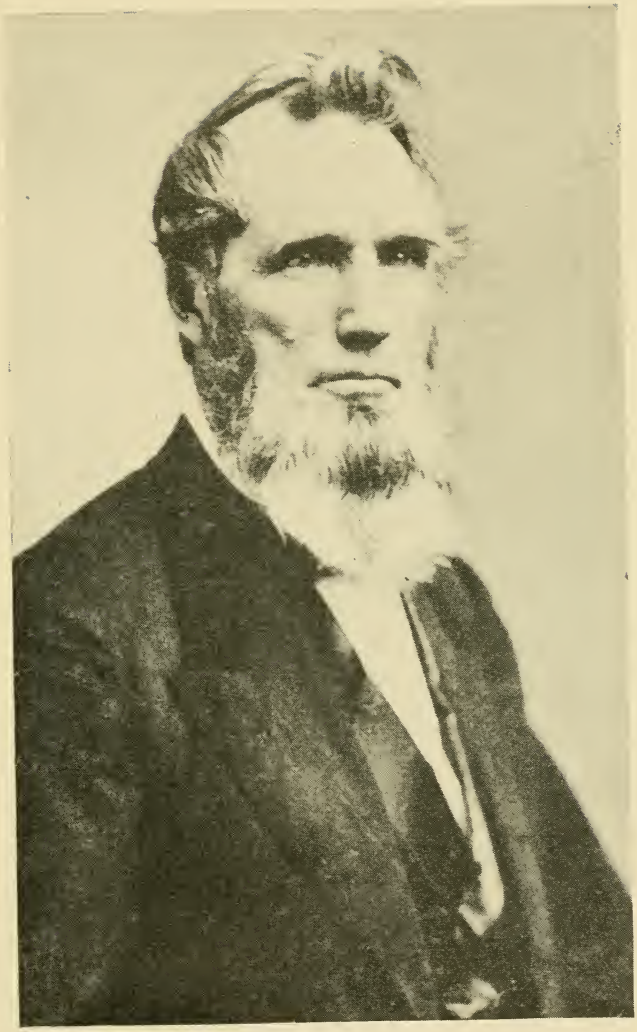
tant, the property of an English sculptor of note, who proffers to reproduce the statue in consideration of five thousand dollars.

With these facts before them, can it be possible that the women of Kentucky feel that they have no incentive to action? Are they ungrateful, unappreciative of that chivalric devotion of the great sculptor, whose entire career was devoted to the conception of fashioning in enduring marble his exalted ideal of a Kentucky woman? "If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human passions, 'tis ingratitude." A just estimate of the noble women of Kentucky forbids the thought; arise in the nobility, majesty and divinity of your true selves, organize for the restoration of Hart's masterpiece, and demonstrate to the world that the pedestal on which you were enthroned by the genius of Kentucky's first and only sculptor was based on eternal truth, with abounding merit for its superstructure. "Words are the daughters of men, Deeds the sons of God." Your traditions are involved; secure the reproduction.

SKETCH OF ELDER JOHN A. GANO.

In a letter giving a sketch of the life of Elder John A. Gano, his son, Gen. R. M. Gano, says:

I was born in 1830 in Bourbon County, Ky.; so all the early history of Cane Ridge Church known to me I have gained from hearsay and from history. My father, John Allen Gano, whose life was more intimately connected with the old church than any other minister, except Barton W. Stone, was born in Georgetown, Scott Co., Ky., in 1805. His father and mother both died before he was ten years of age. He was partially educated by Barton W. Stone when he was teaching in his own residence near Georgetown. It was there that he studied Greek and Latin. He afterwards studied law and obtained license to practice law at the age of eighteen years. He had



JOHN ALLEN GANO.

never made any profession of religion, but became much interested in the subject under the preaching of Barton W. Stone and Thomas M. Allen. He made profession of his faith in Christ and was baptized, identifying himself with the Christian Church, taking no creed but the New Testament and wearing no name but the name of Christ (Christian). His sisters, who were much older than he, were much distressed, believing that he had gone into some heresy. They sent a messenger seventy miles for an old Baptist preacher, named Jacob Creath, to come and win their brother back to the Baptist Church. Mr. Creath was a well-known and popular preacher, and had established a number of Baptist churches in Kentucky. Being very earnest and confident of the correctness of his religious views, the old man rode seventy miles on horseback to win John Allen Gano back to the Baptist Church.

Entering his room and finding him seated at a little table with his Testament, Mr. Creath said: "Brother John, I am glad you have determined to devote your life to the service of Christ, but I think you had better have taken your stand with the church of your fathers; your family have been identified with the Baptist Church for probably a hundred years, and your grandfather, John Gano, was an eminent Baptist minister and chaplain in the Revolutionary War under George Washington, and immersed General Washington during that war." John A. Gano replied: "If you will show me in this Book," laying his hand upon the Testament, "where it says, 'Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow your grandfathers,' I will follow mine while I live; but I read it, 'Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow Christ,' and I intend to follow this teaching if it separates me from all my kindred on earth." This led to a very earnest conversation, which was continued again next morning, when the old man rose up and took him by the hand and said: "Brother John, you are right, and I will take my stand with you and will preach the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice, and the name of Christ the only name to be worn by his followers, and this is to be the only ground of Christian union." And he kept his word. I heard him preach at Cane Run Church in Mercer County, Ky., when he was entirely blind. He continued thus to preach until his death.

John Allen Gano gave up the law at nineteen years of age,

began to preach in 1824, and became one of the most successful ministers in the church in the State of Kentucky, and continued his labors until his death in 1887. Sixty years he labored, baptizing about ninety-eight hundred.

He succeeded Elder Francis Palmer, who was successor to Barton W. Stone in his labors at old Cane Ridge, and continued to labor for that church many years, and received into the fellowship of that congregation a greater number than any person that ever labored there. He also married more couples and was known to have married five generations in one family, viz.: the Rogers family: and he was better acquainted with the history of that church and better identified with its members, much more so than any one who ever preached there. When Barton Stone died and they brought his remains back to Cane Ridge to be buried, John Allen Gano preached his funeral. He was the proper man to take the place of the great reformer, B. W. Stone, at Cane Ridge. John Allen Gano believed, as did Stone and Campbell, that the only way into the kingdom of Christ was through faith in Christ, repentance, confession of Christ and baptism; that once in the kingdom a follower of Christ was duly and Scripturally qualified to become a member of the local congregation; and that the local congregation was in and of itself independent and all-sufficient, subject to no councils, synods or advisory boards, save and except its divinely commissioned eldership. He further believed that the only creed of the church was and is the New Testament, and that one of the highest and most sacred duties of the church is to guarantee and safeguard the individual member in the right to personally interpret this divine creed.

He further believed that no member of the church has the right, individually or through the congregation, to impose his opinions or convictions touching Scriptural teachings upon any other member. He also believed that all errors of opinion should be corrected by instruction and mutual investigation within the church, and not required to be corrected on the part of a penitent baptized believer, as a prerequisite condition of entrance into the kingdom and church of Christ. The latter he regarded as the cardinal and fundamental error of the human creed writers. Such was his sublime faith in the inspired writers as unerring teachers, and such his faith in the result of an earn-

est and unprejudicial investigation, that he believed predestination, universal salvation, transubstantiation, and all kindred errors of opinion, could and should be corrected within the church as honest errors entertained by brothers and sisters, and not fastened upon believers forever as articles of faith in formulated creeds.

The labor of John A. Gano for many years at Cane Ridge made that church a strong and earnest congregation, and one, that made its impress upon the churches throughout Kentucky. There were other faithful preachers, who occasionally labored at Cane Ridge, among whom were John T. Johnson, John Smith, Samuel Rogers, John Rogers, William Morton, Aylette Raines and others of later date.

After the close of the Civil War I laid down my sword of steel and took up the word of God as the weapon of my warfare; I proved to be more successful in my labors than I anticipated, and have buried with Christ about sixty-eight hundred persons. I labored at old Cane Ridge about two years, and gathered into that church a goodly number. The love and interest the members there showed for me was, I thought, in a great measure due to the devotion they had for my dear father, John A. Gano. He had helped to free them of the difficulties of human opinions which had become fastened on the religious world. This work had been done in great measure by B. W. Stone, and he was followed in his great work by John A. Gano, who was the first man to advocate communion on the first day of every week. This was afterwards adopted by the Christians throughout Virginia and Kentucky, until now millions are remembering Christ in this Christian ordinance every first day of the week. John A. Gano was unquestionably the man to carry on the religious work begun in Kentucky by the great reformer, B. W. Stone. He was a man of eloquence, fluent in speech, and possessed of a remarkable degree of tender pathos. With such a theme as the blood of Christ, he could tell men of their errors in such a tender and loving way as to reach their hearts and cause them to come to him for more light. He was a remarkable peacemaker and seldom failed to settle the troubles and difficulties of those who were at variance. After his death a distinguished Baptist preacher, Morgan Wells, who was then living in Fort Worth, Tex., but who had formerly resided at George-

town, Ky., stated that John Allen Gano had done more to build up the church of Christ, and to make peace among men, and to unite the Christian world, than any six ministers of his acquaintance. A Christian woman, living in Missouri, stated that while she was in the State of Kentucky, she heard John A. Gano preach on the "Claims of Christ," and it seemed to her as if an angel were talking. Such was the estimate placed upon his Christian life that those who were acquainted with him were often heard to say, "If Brother Gano fails to reach the heavenly home, then there is no hope for the rest of humanity."

As a husband, father, neighbor, friend and minister, he had few equals, for which reason he was so highly esteemed and loved by the churches at Cane Ridge, Old Union, Leesburg, Coopers Run, Antioch, Mt. Carmel, Dry Run, Paris, Cynthiana, Lexington, Providence, South Elkhorn, and, in fact, all over central Kentucky. These churches and the thousands who heard him preach will long remember him as a great reformer, and a power in the restoration of primitive apostolic Christianity. His last words were, "I am almost home." At home he is now waiting the coming of all those who love Christ and honestly struggle to obey his commandments, however weak and humble their efforts may be.

Of all the churches that loved and honored him none was more devoted than Cane Ridge, from whence many loved ones have gone to meet him on the other shore.

THE TWO DOORS TO LEFT OF MAIN BUILDING REPRESENT THE CABIN HOME OF STONE WHEN HE HAD CHARGE OF CANE RIDGE AND CONCORD CHURCHES, 1796-1812.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF BARTON W. STONE

Written by Himself, Designed Principally for His Children and Christian Friends

CHAPTER I.

Birth and early education.

I was born near Port Tobacco, in the State of Maryland, December 24, 1772. My father, John Stone, died when I was very young. I have no recollection of him in life. My mother, whose maiden name was Mary Warren, a few years after the death of my father, with a large family of children and servants, moved to the then called backwoods of Virginia, Pittsylvania County, near Dan River, about eighty miles below the Blue Mountain. This occurred in 1779, during the Revolutionary War.

The manners and customs of the people among whom we resided were exceedingly simple—no aspirations for wealth or preferment—contentment appeared to be the lot of all, and happiness dwelt in every breast amidst the abundance of home stores, acquired by honest industry. Benevolence and kindness in supplying the wants of newcomers, as late immigrants were called, were universal. Courts of justice were rare and far distant from us. To remedy this inconvenience, the neighborhoods selected

their best men, whose duty was to preserve order and administer justice. By them Lynch's law was frequently executed on offenders. Sports of the most simple kind were generally practiced, and friendship and good feeling universally reigned. Religion engaged the attention of but a few. Indeed, our parson himself mingled in all the sports and pastimes of the people, and was what may be termed a man of pleasure.

Frequent calls were made for men to aid in our revolutionary struggles against our enemies, the British and the Tories. Those calls were promptly obeyed by the hardy sons of the backwoods. Parents in tears cheerfully equipped their willing sons for the tented field. Never shall I forget the sorrows of my widowed mother when her sons shouldered their firelocks and marched away to join the army. Never will the impressions of my own grief be erased from the tablet of my memory when these scenes occurred.

We knew that General Green and Lord Cornwallis would shortly meet in mortal combat not far from us. The whole country was in great anxiety and bustle. Nothing was secure from the depredation of the Tories and of bands of thieves worse than they. My mother had some valuable horses needed for the use of the farm, to secure which from being taken by scouting parties she sent me with my two elder brothers to conceal them in a thicket of brushwood not far distant from home. This was to me, even then, a gloomy day. It was the day when Green and Cornwallis met at Guilford Court-house, in North Carolina, about thirty miles distant from us. We distinctly heard the roar of the artillery, and awfully feared the result.

The soldiers, when they returned home from their war tour, brought back with them many vices almost

unknown to us before; as, profane swearing, debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, quarreling and fighting. For having been soldiers, and having fought for liberty, they were respected and caressed by all. They gave the tone to the neighborhood, and therefore their influence in demoralizing society was very great. These vices soon became general and almost honorable. Such are universally the effects of war, than which a greater evil can not assail and afflict a nation.

In such society were my youthful days spent; but in these vices I never participated. From my earliest recollection I drank deeply into the spirit of liberty, and was so warmed by the soul-inspiring draughts that I could not hear the name of British, or Tories, without feeling a rush of blood through the whole system. Such prejudices, formed in youth, are with difficulty ever removed. I confess their magic influence to this advanced day of my life, especially when the name Tory is mentioned—so many injuries, fresh in my recollection, attach to that name.

I was early sent to school to a very tyrant of a teacher, who seemed to take pleasure in whipping and abusing his pupils for every trifling offence. I could learn nothing through fear of him. When I was called on to recite my lessons to him, I was so affected with fear and trembling, and so confused in mind, that I could say nothing. I remained with him but a few days, and was sent to another teacher of a different temper, with whom I acquired with facility the first rudiments of an English education—reading, writing and arithmetic. Here I must enter my protest against tyrannical and ill-disposed teachers. Such are a curse to any neighborhood in which they may teach. Teachers should be the most patient, self-possessed and reasonable of men, yet

of such firmness as to secure authority and respect. The rod should be rarely used—only in cases of necessity, and then by the arm of mercy. He should act the part of a kind father towards them as his children. Gain their respect and love, and they will delight in obedience, and rarely fail to learn the lessons given to them.

Grammar, geography, and the branches of science now taught in common schools, were then unknown, and not sought after. My old teacher, Robert W. Somerhays, an Englishman, was considered in our neighborhood a prodigy of learning. After I had continued with him for four or five years, he pronounced me a finished scholar, and such indeed was I considered generally in the neighborhood. This, with my natural love of letters, fired my mind and increased my exertions to rise to eminence. Being naturally ambitious to excel, the praises lavished unsparingly upon me swelled my vanity, and caused me to think myself a little above mediocrity.

From the time I was able to read, I took great delight in books, and preferred them to any company, and often retired from my young companions to indulge in the pleasure of reading. But books of science were the rarest articles in our country, and, in fact, were not to be found in our backwoods. Nothing but a few novels, as "Peregrine Pickle," "Tom Jones," "Roderic Random," and such trash, could I obtain. These were poor helps, and yet from reading these my ardent thirst for knowledge increased. The Bible we had; but this, being the only book read in our schools, had become so familiar by constantly reading it there that I wished variety. Here I wish to leave my testimony in favor of making the Bible a school-book. By this means the young mind receives information and impressions which are not erased through life. The Bible, not read in school, is

seldom read afterwards. To this, as one leading cause, may be attributed the present growth of infidelity and skepticism then scarcely known and never openly avowed in all our country.

As soon as liberty from the yoke of Britain was achieved, the priests' salaries were abolished, and our parsons generally left us, and many returned to England. Every man did what seemed right in his own eyes; wickedness abounded, the Lord's Day was converted into a day of pleasure, and the house of worship deserted. A few Baptist preachers came in amongst us, some of whom I well remember; as, Samuel Harris, Dutton Lane, S. Cantrell, etc. They began to preach to the people, and great effects followed. Multitudes attended their ministrations and many were immersed. Immersion was so novel in those parts that many from a distance were incited to come to see the ordinance administered.

I was a constant attendant and was particularly interested to hear the converts giving in their experience. Of their conviction and great distress for sin, they were very particular in giving an account, and how and when they obtained deliverance from their burdens. Some were delivered by a dream, a vision, or some uncommon appearance of light; some by a voice spoken to them, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and others by seeing the Saviour with their natural eyes. Such experiences were considered good by the church, and the subjects of them were received for baptism and into full fellowship. Great and good was the reformation in society. Knowing nothing better, I considered this to be the work of God and the way of salvation. The preachers had the art of affecting their hearers by a tuneful or singing voice in preaching.

About this time came in a few Methodist preachers.

Their appearance was prepossessing—grave, holy, meek, plain and humble. Their very presence checked levity in all around them—their zeal was fervent and unaffected, and their preaching was often electric on the congregation and fixed their attention. The Episcopalians and Baptists began to oppose them with great warmth. The Baptists represented them as denying the doctrines of grace and of preaching salvation by works. They publicly declared them to be the locusts of the Apocalypse, and warned the people against receiving them. Poor Methodists! They were then but few, reproached, misrepresented, and persecuted as unfit to live on the earth. My mind was much agitated, and was vacillating between these two parties. For some time I had been in the habit of retiring in secret, morning and evening, for prayer, with an earnest desire for religion; but, being ignorant of what I ought to do, I became discouraged, and quit praying, and engaged in the youthful sports of the day.

My father's will was that when I, the youngest child, should arrive at the age of twenty-one years, his estate should be equally divided among his children, except the part bequeathed to my mother. When I was fifteen or sixteen years of age, my three elder brothers were grown, and about to start into the world penniless. It was proposed that a division of our property be made. To this I willingly acceded, and it was accordingly done to the satisfaction of all. When my part was assigned me, my mind was absorbed day and night in devising some plan to improve it. At length I came to the determination to acquire, if possible, a liberal education, and thus qualify myself for a barrister. I communicated my mind to my mother and brothers, who all cordially approved of my purpose, and gave the promise of pecuniary aid should I need it.

CHAPTER II.

Enters Guilford Academy—Embraces Christianity among the Presbyterians—Completes his academic course.

Having determined on my future course, I bade farewell to my mother, brothers, companions and neighbors and directed my way to a noted academy in Guilford, North Carolina, under the direction of Dr. David Caldwell. Here I commenced the Latin grammar the first day of February, 1790. With the ardor of Eneas' son, I commenced with the full purpose to acquire an education, or die in the attempt. With such a mind, every obstacle can be surmounted in the affairs of life. I stripped myself of every hindrance for the course—denied myself of strong food, lived chiefly on milk and vegetables, and allowed myself but six or seven hours in the twenty-four for sleep. By such indefatigable application to study, as might be expected, I passed several classes, until I came up with one of equal application, with which I continued through the whole of our academic course.

When I first entered the academy, there had been, and then was, a great religious excitement. About thirty or more of the students had lately embraced religion under the ministration of James McGready, a Presbyterian preacher of exceeding popularity, piety and engagedness. I was not a little surprised to find those pious students assembled every morning before the hour of recitation and engaged in singing and praying in a private room. Their daily walk evinced to me their sincere piety and happiness. This was a source of uneasi-

ness to my mind, and frequently brought me to serious reflection. I labored to banish these serious thoughts, believing that religion would impede my progress in learning—would thwart the object I had in view, and expose me to the frowns of my relatives and companions. I therefore associated with that part of the students who made light of divine things, and joined with them in their jests at the pious. For this my conscience severely upbraided me when alone, and made me so unhappy that I could neither enjoy the company of the pious nor of the impious.

I now began seriously to think it would be better for me to remove from this academy, and go to Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia; for no other reason than that I might get away from the constant sight of religion. I had formed the resolution and had determined to start the next morning, but was prevented by a very stormy day. I remained in my room during that day, and came to the firm resolution to pursue my studies there, attend to my own business, and let every one pursue his own way. From this I have learned that the most effectual way to conquer the depraved heart is the constant exhibition of piety and a godly life in the professors of religion.

Having formed this resolution, I was settled for a short time, until my roommate, Benjamin McReynolds, a pious young Virginian, politely asked me to walk with him a short distance in the neighborhood to hear a certain preacher. I consented and walked with him. A crowd of people had assembled, the preacher came; it was James McGready, whom I had never seen before. He rose and looked around on the assembly. His person was not prepossessing, nor his appearance interesting, except his remarkable gravity and small, piercing eyes.

His coarse, tremulous voice excited in me the idea of something unearthly. His gestures were *sui generis,* the perfect reverse of elegance. Everything appeared by him forgotten but the salvation of souls. Such earnestness, such zeal, such powerful persuasion, enforced by the joys of heaven and miseries of hell, I had never witnessed before. My mind was chained by him, and followed him closely in his rounds of heaven, earth and hell with feelings indescribable. His concluding remarks were addressed to the sinner to flee the wrath to come without delay. Never before had I comparatively felt the force of truth. Such was my excitement that, had I been standing, I should have probably sunk to the floor under the impression.

The meeting over, I returned to my room. Night coming on, I walked out into an open field, and seriously reasoned with myself on the all-important subject of religion. What shall I do? Shall I embrace religion now or not? I impartially weighed the subject, and counted the cost. If I embrace religion, I must incur the displeasure of my dear relatives, lose the favor and company of my companions—become the object of their scorn and ridicule—relinquish all my plans and schemes for worldly honor, wealth and preferment, and bid a final adieu to all the pleasures in which I had lived, and hoped to live, on earth. Are you willing to make this sacrifice to religion? No, no, was the answer of my heart. Then the certain alternative is, you must be damned. Are you willing to be damned—to be banished from God—from heaven—from all good—and suffer the pains of eternal fire? After due deliberation, I resolved from that hour to seek religion at the sacrifice of every earthly good, and immediately prostrated myself before God in supplication for mercy.

According to the preaching and the experience of the pious in those days, I anticipated a long and painful struggle before I should be prepared to come to Christ; or, in the language then used, before I should get religion. This anticipation was completely realized by me. For one year I was tossed on the waves of uncertainty—laboring, praying and striving to obtain saving faith—sometimes desponding, and almost despairing, of ever getting it.

The doctrines then publicly taught were that mankind were so totally depraved that they could not believe, repent nor obey the gospel—that regeneration was an immediate work of the Spirit, whereby faith and repentance were wrought in the heart. These things were portrayed in vivid colors, with all earnestness and solemity. Now was not then, the accepted time—now was not then, the day of salvation; but it was God's own sovereign time, and for that time the sinner must wait.

In February, 1791, with many of my fellow-students, I went some distance to a meeting on Sandy River, in Virginia. J. B. Smith, president of Hampden-Sidney College; Cairy Allen, James Blythe, Robert Marshall and James McGready were there. On Lord's Day President Smith spoke on these words: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." In his description of a broken and contrite heart, I felt my own described. Hope began to rise, and my sorrow-worn heart felt a gleam of joy. He urged all of this character to approach the Lord's table that day on pain of his sore displeasure. For the first time I partook of the Lord's Supper. In the evening the honest J. McGready addressed the people from "Tekel, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." He went through all the legal works of the sinner

—all the hiding-places of the hypocrite—all the resting-places of the deceived—he drew the character of the regenerated in the deepest colors, and thundered divine anathemas against every other. Before he closed his discourse I had lost all hope, all feeling, and had sunk into an indescribable apathy. He soon after inquired of me the state of my mind. I honestly told him. He labored to arouse me from my torpor by the terrors of God and the horrors of hell. I told him his labors were lost upon me—that I was entirely callous. He left me in this gloomy state without one encouraging word.

In this state I remained for several weeks. I wandered alone, my strength failed me, and sighs and groans filled my days. My relatives in Virginia heard of my situation and sent for me. My altered appearance surprised them. My old mother took me in private and asked what was the matter. I told her all. She wept much. She had always been a praying woman and a member of the Church of England; but from this time she more earnestly sought the Lord, united with the Methodists, and lived and died a Christian. My visit proved to be a blessing to several of my relatives, who were awakened to a sense of their dangerous condition and inclined to turn to the Lord.

After a few days' stay in Virginia, I returned to the academy in the same state of mind. Soon after I attended a meeting at Alamance, in Guilford County. Great was the excitement among the people. On the Lord's Day evening a strange young preacher, William Hodge, addressed the people. His text I shall never forget: "God is love." With much animation and with many tears he spoke of the love of God to sinners, and of what that love had done for sinners. My heart warmed with love for that lovely character described, and momen-

tary hope and joy would rise in my troubled breast. My mind was absorbed in the doctrine—to me it appeared new. But the common admonition, "Take heed lest you be deceived," would quickly repress them. This can not be the mighty work of the Spirit which you must experience—that instantaneous work of almighty power which, like an electric shock, is to renew the soul and bring it to Christ.

The discourse being ended, I immediately retired to the woods alone with my Bible. Here I read and prayed with various feelings, between hope and fear. But the truth I had just heard, "God is love," prevailed. Jesus came to seek and save the lost—"Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out." I yielded and sank at his feet a willing subject. I loved him—I adored him—I praised him aloud in the silent night, in the echoing grove around. I confessed to the Lord my sin and folly in disbelieving his word so long, and in following so long the devices of men. I now saw that a poor sinner was as much authorized to believe in Jesus at first as at last—that now was the accepted time and day of salvation.

From this time till I finished my course of learning I lived devoted to God. The study of the dead languages and of the sciences was not irksome, but pleasant, from the consideration that I was engaged in them for the glory to God, to whom I had unreservedly devoted my all. During this period a few incidents transpired which were severe trials of my faith. My expenses for boarding, tuition, clothing, books, etc., were considerable, far more than I had anticipated. My funds were nearly exhausted; my small patrimony had suffered loss. I could not procure decent clothes or books or things indispensably necessary. I had serious thoughts of relinquishing my studies, and mentioned it to my good friend and

father, Dr. Caldwell. He urged me to go forward, and promised to wait with me till I should be able to pay him. Encouraged by him, I renewed my application through difficulties great till I had finished my course of studies.

CHAPTER III.

Becomes a candidate for the ministry—Studies theology under Mr. Hodge, of North Carolina—Abandons, for a time, his theological studies—Visits Georgia—Is appointed professor of languages in a Methodist academy near Washington—Returns to North Carolina—Resumes his theological studies—Is licensed by Orange Presbytery, and sent to preach in the lower part of the State—Is discouraged—Leaves his field of labor and directs his course westward—A variety of incidents on his journey to Nashville.

Having finished my academic course, I advised with my good friend Dr. Caldwell with regard to my future career. I made known to him my great desire to preach the gospel, but that I had no assurance of being divinely called and sent. He removed my scruples on this subject, by assuring me that I had no right to expect a miracle to convince me, and that if I had a hearty desire to glorify God and save sinners by preaching, and if my fathers in the ministry should encourage me, I should hesitate no longer. He was glad to hear of my desire, and, in order to expedite my licensure, he gave me a text, and requested me to write a discourse upon it, and present it to the next presbytery, when I should offer myself a candidate for the ministry. By doing this I should be set forward six months.

In the year 1793, I, with several more of my fellow-students, became a candidate for the ministry in the Orange Presbytery. Samuel Holmes, a prodigy of genius (afterwards president of the North Carolina University), and myself put ourselves under the direction of William Hodge, of Orange County, North Carolina. The

presbytery had assigned us particular subjects of divinity to study, as parts of trial, against their next stated session, among which were the being and attributes of God and the Trinity, with certain theses on which to write. We commenced in high spirits. "Witsius on the Trinity" was put into our hands. I had never before read any books on theology but the Bible. This had been my daily companion since I became seriously disposed to religion. From it I had received all my little stock of divinity. It was my life, my comfort and guide. In fact, by my close attention to other studies, I had but little time and opportunity to read anything else. My mind had remained happily ignorant of and undisturbed by polemic and obscure divinity. The doctrine of the Trinity may have been occasionally glanced at by our preachers, but was never made the subject of a discourse in my hearing.

Witsius would first prove that there was but one God, and then that there were three persons in this one God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—that the Father was unbegotten, the Son eternally begotten, and the Holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and the Son —that it was idolatry to worship more gods than one, and yet equal worship must be given to the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost. He wound up all in incomprehensible mystery. My mind became confused, so much confused that I knew not how to pray. Till now secret prayer and meditation had been my delightful employ. It was a heaven on earth to approach my God and Saviour, but now this heavenly exercise was checked and gloominess and fear filled my troubled mind. I had serious thoughts of relinquishing the study of theology entirely, and of engaging in some other business. I made known my case to my fellow-student, S. Holmes, but to

none else. He acknowledged that his mind was similarly affected. We laid the book aside as unprofitable as well as unintelligible to us—calculated to involve our minds in mystic darkness, and to cool the ardor of our devotion. We heard of Dr. Watts' treatise on the subject. We sought for it, and obtained it. This we read with pleasure and understanding and received his views.

The next session of our presbytery came on. We with many other candidates attended. Old Father Patillo was there, who himself embraced Watts' views on the Trinity. The examination of the candidates on theology was laid on him. When he came to the subject of Trinity, he was very short, and his interrogatories involved no peculiarities of the system. Our answers were honest and satisfactory. The reasons why he was so short and indefinite on this subject were doubtless to prevent debate on the subject in presbytery, and to maintain peace among its members.

Before the next session of the presbytery, when we were to receive licensure, my mind had become much depressed, from various causes. My pecuniary resources had failed and none of my relatives were willing to aid me. Having been so long engaged and confined to the study of systematic divinity from the Calvinistic mold, my zeal, comfort and spiritual life became considerably abated. My mind was embarrassed with many abstruse doctrines, which I admitted as true, yet could not satisfactorily reconcile with others which were plainly taught in the Bible. For these causes I became so depressed in mind that I determined to give up the idea of preaching, and engage in some other calling.

With this determination, I collected my last resources of money (about fifteen dollars) and started alone to the State of Georgia. When I had gone half my journey, I

was suddenly seized with a violent fever. Being scarce of money, and entirely among strangers, I determined to travel on. One day the fever rose so high that I was bereft of reason, and found by a philanthropist sitting on my horse, which was feeding by the side of the road. He took me to his house, where I remained till the next morning, when the fever had considerably abated and my senses were restored. Contrary to good advice, I started on my journey, and with much pain arrived at my brother Matthew Stone's in Georgia, Oglethorpe County. Here I remained sick for several months.

The Methodists had just established an academy near Washington, under the superintendence of a Mr. Hope Hull, a very distinguished preacher of that denomination. Through the influence of my brothers, I was chosen professor of languages. We commenced with about seventy students about the beginning of 1795. I exerted myself to fill the appointment with honor to myself and profit to my pupils, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of receiving the approbation of the trustees of the institution and of the literati of the country. Men of letters were few at that time, especially in that part of the world, and were regarded with more than common respect. The marked attention paid me by the most respectable part of the community was nearly my ruin. Invitations to tea parties and social circles were frequent. I attended them for awhile, until I found that this course would cause me to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Though I still maintained the profession of religion, and did not disgrace it by improper conduct, yet my devotion was cold and communion with God much interrupted. Seeing my danger, I denied myself of these fascinating pleasures, and determined to live more devoted to God.

I constantly attended on the ministrations of Mr. Springer, a very zealous Presbyterian preacher, near Washington. With him I became intimate, and to him was warmly attached. By his discourses I was always profited, and began to feel a very strong desire again to preach the gospel. These impressions I resisted and labored to suppress; the consequence of which was that my comforts were destroyed. At length I determined to resume my theological studies and prepare myself for the ministry.

About this time a great many Frenchmen, who had fled from the reign of terror in France, landed in Georgia. Washington was full of them. The trustees of the academy employed one of them, Francois Aubir, to teach the French language. With him I learned the language more perfectly, having acquired some knowledge of it before with a certain Dr. Hale, of North Carolina.

In the winter of 1795, I accompanied a number of Methodist preachers to a general conference at Charleston, South Carolina. Hope Hull was among them. It was a pleasant journey, and our stay in the city was highly agreeable. The road from the Black Swamp to Charleston was surpassed by none in the world for beauty and goodness. It was perfectly level and straight. On each side it was beautified with evergreens in the swamps, and with stately, long-leaf pines and pendent moss on the sands and dry ground.

Having returned to Washington, I continued to teach till the spring of 1796. Then, having resigned my professorship to the trustees, I started back to North Carolina, with a determination to receive from Orange Presbytery a license to preach. I had now more than enough money to discharge all my debts. The day of

my departure was a day of sorrow. I bade an affectionate farewell to my pupils and numerous friends and hurried off alone. Nothing of moment occurred in my solitary journey till I arrived at the presbytery. Here I met with many of my warm friends, and our joyful salutation was mutual.

At this presbytery I, with several other candidates, received license. Never shall I forget the impressions made on my mind when a venerable old father addressed the candidates, standing up together before the presbytery. After the address he presented to each of the candidates the Bible (not the Confession of Faith), with this solemn charge, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Appointments were then made for us. Robert Foster and myself, licensed at the same time, were appointed to ride and preach in the lower parts of the State, till the next stated presbytery. After adjournment I proceeded to my mother's, in Virginia.

Having remained at my mother's a short time, I returned to North Carolina, and met with my colleague, R. Foster, and, having preached together, we proceeded to our destination in the lower parts of the State, where we arrived in a few days, and made our appointments for the Lord's Day following. While we were waiting for our first appointment, my companion came to the determination to preach no more, and in this purpose he remained through life, for he never after attempted it. His reason was that he was not qualified for such a solemn work. This was the prevailing argument I had brought against myself; and now, coming from one against himself, whom I viewed my superior, I sank under it, and secretly resolved to leave that field and seek some distant country, where I should be a perfect

stranger. Florida was then in my view. Next morning, while my companion was absent, I mounted my horse and started alone. This was on Saturday, in the beginning of May, 1796.

On the Lord's Day I attended a meeting in the neighborhood where I had lodged the night before. A pious old lady was there and knew me. She suspected my intentions, and told me plainly that she feared I was acting the part of Jonah—solemnly warned me of the danger, and advised me, if I disliked the lower parts of the State, to go over the mountains to the west. This advice pleased me, and determined me at once for the west. In the evening of that day, to my surprise, I saw Robert Foster in the congregation. He approached me and gently upbraided me for leaving him. I told him my determination to go to the west. He immediately agreed to accompany me. Next morning we started without naming to any one our destination.

We quickly got into the region of strangers, and wished to remain among such through life—to such a low state had our minds fallen. Having crossed the mountain at the flower gap, and New River at Herbert's Ferry, we were jogging leisurely along the way to Fort Chiswell, when, passing a small house on the roadside, a man hailed us and ran out to us. He was an intimate acquaintance and a pious brother, Captain Sanders, from North Carolina. He was moving his family to Cumberland, but by some accident was obliged to abide where he was for one season. He constrained us to tarry with him, and said, "You must preach for us next Sabbath at the Presbyterian meeting-house," not far distant. We both refused, but at length consented that he might make an appointment for worship, and we would attend and worship with them.

On Lord's Day a large congregation met at Grimes' meeting-house on Reed Creek. With great difficulty I was prevailed on to ascend the pulpit. While singing and praying my mind was happily relieved, and I was enabled to speak with boldness and with profit to the people. I was pressingly solicited for another appointment. This congregation, and several more in the county (Wythe, Virginia), were all entirely destitute of preaching. I prevailed on my companion to tarry another week, and afterwards we would push forward, we knew not where. I made several appointments for the ensuing week—one at Smith's meeting-house, near Samuel Ewen's, an Israelite in whom was no guile; another at Colonel Austin's, the proprietor of the lead mines on New River. The urgent and affectionate entreaties of the people for me to abide with them for awhile prevailed, and I made a number of appointments. My companion determined to leave me, journeying to the west. On May 23, 1796, he left me. The separation was painful, nor did we know where or when we should ever meet in this world.

I continued in Wythe and Montgomery Counties, preaching frequently, till July. The people were attentive, kind and liberal, yet I greatly desired to go forward to the west, and bade them farewell, never expecting to visit them again. That night, according to a previous promise, I lodged with Mr. Stonger, a Dutch Lutheran minister. I was kindly received and entertained. I find in my journal, written at that time, these Latin words: *Nocte pulices me deturbant, et somnum fugant. Taedet me vitae.*

The next day I journeyed forward, and at night came to Mr. Thomas', on South Holstein. I had inquired into the character of the family before I came there. I was

informed that they were a very religious family of Baptists—that the old lady and daughter were very zealous. My horse being put away, I went into the house and sat down in silence. The old lady and daughter were busily spinning, and the old gentleman in conversation with another aged man. One of them observed to the other that a discovery had been lately made that if the logs of a house be cut in the full moon of February, a bedbug would never molest that house. I was so well pleased with the idea of unhousing these filthy, hateful vermin that I broke silence, and felicitated the country on this happy discovery. I then asked whether any discovery had been made for banishing fleas from a house. I was answered in the negative. "That is a pity," said I; "for I have heard of such a place as hell; but if hell is worse than to be bedded with ten thousand fleas, it must be a dreadful place." This, as I intended, roused the mother and daughter. "Yes," said the old lady, "there is a hell, and if you do not repent and be converted, you will find it to your eternal sorrow." The daughter zealously sanctioned these awful declarations, and both of them affectionately exhorted me to repentance in many words. For some minutes they gave me no opportunity to respond. At length I smilingly said, "You are Christians, I suppose; Christianity may be a good thing, but, madam, there are strange things in that system hard to be understood. I heard a man lately preach that a man must be born again before he could get to heaven; now, do you believe this?" "Yes, I do," said she, calling me an ignorant Nicodemus. "Do, madam, tell me what it is to be born again." She described it well, and really felt for my supposed condition. I stated many common cavils against the doctrine, which she answered with intelligence. Wearied with my supposed infidelity, she ceased

to talk. The old man took a candle and invited me to bed. I observed to him, "I wish to hear you pray first, for Christians always pray in their families evening and morning." He was thunder-stricken and walked the floor backwards and forwards, deeply groaning. The old lady laid the Bible on the table; still he walked and groaned. I then said, "If you will not pray, I will try." I then advanced to the table, read, sung and prayed, and immediately retired to bed. Next morning I rose early, and was met at the door of the stairs by the mother and daughter. They gently reproved me for my deception, apologized for their conduct, and dismissed me with their blessings.

I started in the morning early on my journey to Cumberland, and on Saturday night lodged near where Edward Crawford, a Presbyterian minister, lived, on Holstein. On Sunday I attended his meeting, a perfect stranger, and determined to remain so till after worship. Here, to my astonishment, I saw my companion, Robert Foster, who had stopped in that neighborhood and was teaching a school. He proposed introducing me to the preacher. I declined an introduction till after worship. He would do it, and the consequence was I had to preach. On Holstein I tarried several days, and formed some valuable acquaintances, among whom Samuel Edmonson and his brother were pre-eminent. Near them is the Ebbing Spring, to me a great natural curiosity.

I left my companion, R. Foster, whom I saw no more for many years. Our last interview was in Tennessee, soon after which he died. I journeyed solitarily along to Knoxville, and went to the house of rendezvous for travelers through the wilderness to Nashville. Traveling through the wilderness was yet considered dangerous because of the Indians. But two travelers were at the

house waiting for company. I was overpersuaded by them to venture through. Having laid up our provision for ourselves and horses, we left Knoxville, August 14, 1796.

My two companions were of very different temperaments. One was a West Tennesseean, a large, coarse backwoodsman and Indian fighter of great courage; the other was a South Carolinian, the greatest coward I ever saw. We chose the Tennesseean for our captain and leader. Nothing of any note happened until we had crossed Clinch River. About sunset we discovered fifteen or twenty Indians about a hundred yards distant from us on the edge of a canebreak. They sprang up. Our leader said to us, "Follow me," and rode on with a quick pace. We followed with equal speed for several miles, then slacked our gait for a council. It was concluded that the Indians would pursue us, but if they had no dogs we could evade them. The Cumberland Mountain was but a few miles ahead; we knew that we could not ascend it at night without danger to ourselves and horses, therefore concluded to turn off the road a short distance at the foot of the mountain and lie concealed till morning. According to this arrangement, we cautiously rode to the mountain, turned aside into a thick brushwood, tied our horses, and laid down on our blankets to rest. Being much fatigued, I slept so soundly that I did not perceive a shower of rain, which had awaked the other two and driven them off to seek shelter. At length I awoke and missed my company. Everything was profoundly silent, except the wolves and foxes in the mountain. My feelings were unpleasant. I almost concluded that the Indians had surprised them, and that they had fled. I remembered that the same God who had always protected me was present, and could protect me still. To

him I humbly commended myself, laid down again, and securely slept till day, when I saw my companions about a hundred yards off, sheltered by a large tree. I blamed them for leaving me thus exposed to the ravening beasts around.

In climbing the mountain that morning, my horse lost one of his fore shoes. At this I was troubled, knowing that it would be almost impossible to get him to the settlement in Cumberland. He soon became very lame. I applied to the Tennesseean to let me ride his pack-horse, and put his pack on mine. He unfeelingly refused. I trotted after my horse, and drove him along after the company, till I was overcome by weariness. They neither permitted me to ride their horses, nor slacked their pace, and finally rode off, and left me alone in the wilderness. I traveled leisurely along afoot, driving my horse before me, vexed at the baseness of my company in leaving me alone in this manner.

I had now arrived at the frontier settlement of West Tennessee, on Bledsoe's Creek, at the cabin of Major White. Here I was kindly entertained, and rested several days, and then proceeded to Shiloh, near where Gallatin now stands. Here I joyfully met with many old friends and brethren, who had lately moved from Carolina, among whom were my fellow-students and fellow-laborers, William McGee and John Anderson, the latter of whom agreed to travel and preach with me through all the settlements of Cumberland. A length of time was not then required to do this, for the settlements extended but a few miles from Nashville, which at that time was a poor little village, hardly worth notice.

Among other settlements visited by us was that on Mansker's Creek. Here we often preached to respectable and large assemblies from a stand erected by the

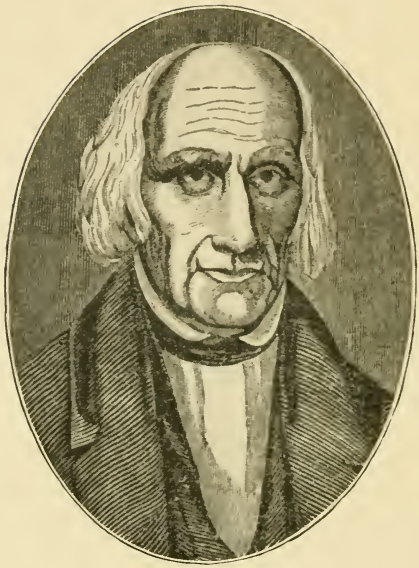
people in a shady grove. At the same time a dancing master was lecturing the youth in the neighborhood in his art. This I evidently saw was drawing their attention from religion. I spoke my mind publicly and freely against the practice, and boldly and zealously protested against it. Some of the youth withdrew from his lectures, which highly exasperated the teacher. He swore he would whip me the next time I preached there. I came to my appointment, and so did he with a band of ruffians, armed with clubs, and stood in a half circle before me while preaching, in striking distance Unappalled at their menaces, I proceeded in my discourse, nor did I forget the dancers, but drubbed them without mercy. The bandits soon saw that the gaze of the congregation was upon them. Like cowards, they sneaked off, one by one, and disappeared.

At the same place, and at another time, I was publicly attacked by an old deist, immediately after I had closed my discourse and descended from the stand. He walked up to me and said, "I suppose you know me, sir." "No, sir," said I, "I have no knowledge of you." "I am Burns, the celebrated deist of this neighborhood." "Mr. Burns," said I, "I am sorry to hear you boast of your infidelity; pray, sir, inform me what is a deist?" Said he, "The man that believes there is but one God." "Sir," said I, "this is my belief, taught me by the Bible. But, sir, what is the character of your God?" "I believe," said he, "that he is infinitely good, just and merciful." "Whence, Mr. Burns, did you gain this information?" "From the book of nature," said he. "Mr. Burns, please to show me the page in that book which declares that God is infinitely good." "Why," said he, "all nature declares it. We see the traces of goodness everywhere, hence I conclude that God, the great Governor of the universe, is infinitely

good." "Mr. Burns, please turn your eye on the opposite page of your book, and see the miseries, and attend to the groans of the millions who are suffering and dying every moment. You must conclude, from your own premises, that God, the great Governor of the universe, is also infinitely evil and malevolent. Your God, Mr. Burns, is infinitely good, and infinitely evil—a perfect contradiction! You must be an atheist, Mr. Burns, not a deist. You said, also, that your book taught you that God was infinitely just. Please show me the page in your book that teaches this doctrine." Said he, "It is evident from this that there is a principle of justice in every man; therefore I conclude that God, the Maker of all men, must be infinitely just." "Mr. Burns, I can show you in your own book as many men of unjust principles as you can men of just principles. Then it follows, from your premises, that God, the Maker, is infinitely just and infinitely unjust. Surely, Mr. Burns, atheism is your creed! But, sir, look here, on this page of your book. Here is a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, acknowledged such by all; yet his whole life is full of suffering, pain and want. Here also is a bad citizen, a bad husband, a bad father, acknowledged such by all; yet he is free from pain and wallows in wealth. How can you reconcile this with the infinite justice of God, the great Governor of the universe?" Mr. Burns' lips quivered, the whole congregation intensely listening. "Oh," says he, "just rewards will be given in another world." "But, Mr. Burns, your book nowhere teaches this doctrine; you have stolen it from our Bible." "Sir," said he, "I will see you at another time," and retired in confusion, the congregation smiling approbation at his defeat.

My colleague, J. Anderson, having preached through

the settlements of West Tennessee, determined to visit Kentucky. We had our last appointment in Father Thomas Craighead's congregation, in which neighborhood we had often preached. As we expected a large and intelligent audience, we endeavored to prepare discourses suitable to the occasion. My companion Anderson, first rose to preach from these words: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I shall never forget his exordium, which, in fact, was also his peroration. "Holiness," said he, "is a moral quality"—he paused, having forgotten all his studied discourse. Confused, he turned with staring eyes to address the other side of his audience, and repeated with emphasis, "Holiness is a moral quality," and, after a few incoherent words, he paused again, and sat down. Astonished at the failure of my brother, I arose and preached. He declared to me afterwards that every idea had forsaken him; that he viewed it as from God, to humble his pride, as he had expected to make a brilliant display of talent to that assembly. I never remembered a sermon better, and to me it has been very profitable; for, from the hint given, I was led to more correct views of the doctrines of original sin and of regeneration.



DAVID PURVIANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

Reaches Kentucky and settles in the close of the year 1796, as the preacher of the congregations of Cane Ridge and Concord, Bourbon County—Is appointed by Transylvania Presbytery to visit the South, to solicit funds to establish a college in Kentucky—From Charleston, South Carolina, he visits his mother, and returns to Kentucky—In the fall of 1798 receives a call (which he accepts) from the united congregations of Cane Ridge and Concord—A day is appointed for his ordination—Refuses to receive the Confession of Faith without qualification—Is nevertheless ordained.

Having finished our labors in Cumberland, we started for Kentucky. We traveled through an extensive, uninhabited tract of barrens, or prairies, but now a fine timbered country, densely settled by wealthy farmers. We continued to preach in Kentucky till the winter set in severely. Brother Anderson stopped by invitation at Ashridge, near Lexington, and I at Cane Ridge and Concord, in Bourbon County. That winter, or early in the spring, a letter of importance recalled my companion, Anderson, to Carolina, whose face I have never since seen.

In Cane Ridge and Concord I spent the chief of my time, at the request of the congregations. I now learned experimentally that the rambling course of preaching which I had taken was of little profit to society and ruinous to the mental improvement of young preachers. I received the advice of my friends to become stationary for awhile, and apply myself closely to reading and study. I witnessed the good effects of this procedure, for many were added to the churches within a few months—about

fifty in Concord and thirty in Cane Ridge. I became much attached to these congregations, and was persuaded that the attachment was reciprocal. I at length yielded to their solicitations to become their settled and permanent pastor.

Some unsettled business in Georgia demanded my presence there. By the Transylvania Presbytery I was solicited and appointed to visit Charleston, in South Carolina, and endeavor to obtain money for the purpose of establishing a college in our infant State. I accepted the appointment, having determined from Charleston to return through Virginia, and visit my mother and relations.

Marauding parties of Indians still infested travelers in the wilderness between Kentucky and Virginia, so that travelers always went in companies prepared for defense. In the fall of 1797 I left Cane Ridge for Georgia, in company with Henry Wilson, who, with a led horse packed with silver, was going to Virginia on land business. Having repaired to the house of rendezvous for travelers at the Crab Orchard, we learned that a company had just left that place two hours before, with intention to encamp at the Hazlepatch that night. We instantly followed at a quick pace, determined to ride late and overtake them. About ten o'clock we came to Hazlepatch, but to our distress we found no one there. My companion, being an early settler of Kentucky and often engaged in war with the Indians, advised to turn off the road some distance, and encamp till day. Having kindled a fire, supped, hobbled our horses, and prayed together, we laid down in our blankets to rest. But we were soon aroused from our slumbers by the snorting and running of our horses. We sprang up, and saw a fire about one hundred and fifty yards below us, and in a moment it was

pulled asunder; as quickly did my companion pull ours apart also. He whispered to me, "They are Indians after our horses." We laid down again, not to sleep, but to consult the best method of escape. We soon distinctly heard an Indian cautiously walking on the dry leaves towards our camp, about fifty yards off. Fearing he might shoot us in our blankets, without noise we crept into the bushes. Becoming very chilly there, and contrary to advice, I returned to my blanket, and was followed by my companion. A short time after we heard the Indian walk off in the same cautious manner. We concealed the bag of money and most valuable goods and hung up our blankets and bags of provisions over our camp, and cautiously went towards the course our horses had gone. When it was day, we found their trace, and overtook them about eight o'clock, and rode back very watchfully to our camp. When we came near, with difficulty we compelled our horses to advance, they frequently snorting and wheeling back. Every moment we expected to be fired upon, but were mercifully preserved. We packed up very quickly, and swiftly pursued the company, and late in the day came up with them. They informed us that when they came to the Hazlepatch the evening before they found a camp of white people, just before defeated, several lying dead and mangled in Indian style; that they pushed forward and traveled late at night. We clearly saw the kind hand of God in delivering us.

Having passed through the wilderness, our company parted; some for Virginia, the rest, with myself, for Georgia. After having settled my business, visited my relations, and preached through the country for several weeks, I started alone to Charleston. Nothing of note happened in my journey, except that by my caution and

the fleetness of my horse I escaped a band of robbers, who attempted to stop me. I had been previously warned of the danger in those dismal swamps between Augusta and Charleston, and was therefore continually on my guard.

Before I reached Charleston, I passed over Stone River into John's and Wadmelaw Islands. There I remained some days, and received the most friendly attention of gentlemen professing religion, living in splendid palaces, surrounded with a rich profusion of luxuries, and of everything desirable; these pleasures were heightened by free, humble and pious conversation. But in the midst of all this glory my soul sickened at the sight of slavery in more horrid forms than I had ever seen it before. Poor negroes! Some chained to their work, some wearing iron collars, all half naked, and followed and driven by the merciless lash of a gentleman overseer, distress appeared scowling in every face. This was the exciting cause of my abandonment of slavery. Having preached several times in the islands, I left my horse on the island, and sailed over to Charleston by water. I lodged with Dr. Hollinshead, a gentleman and preacher of high standing. In the city I met with my former friend and classmate, Samuel Holmes. It was a joyful meeting. We visited the islands and country round in company. I observed the great change in his former simple manners and conversation. But few men can bear prosperity and popularity so as to retain the humble spirit of religion. In one of our excursions from the city in a pleasure vessel, a strong gale fell on us, and tossed us about tremendously on high waves. The scene was new to me, and produced very unpleasant feelings. I noticed the sailors, and saw in them no signs of fear. This calmed my fears, and I remained composed. My com-

panion, Holmes, manifested strong symptoms of fear. One of the sailors, knowing him to be a preacher, looked at him, and with a laugh asked him if he was afraid to go to heaven by water. I smiled, but not with a good grace.

Having spent several weeks in the city and vicinity, we started together, Holmes, myself and two others, to the north.

I arrived in safety at my mother's in Virginia, and found her still alive and enjoying health. But many of my relatives and friends were gone, some to the grave and some to distant lands. When I was in the then far West I often sighed at the remembrance of the home of my youth, and the former haunts of my boyish pleasures, and longed to revisit them. But how disappointed was I! I felt more of a disposition to weep at the sight of these objects than to rejoice—the old schoolhouse in ruins; the old trees, under whose shade we used to play, either destroyed or dwindling with age. Those scenes, which had long ago passed away, never—ah! never to return. Vain world! After remaining some weeks with my mother, I bade a sorrowful adieu, and returned to Kentucky.

In the fall of 1798, a call from the united congregations of Cane Ridge and Concord was presented me, through the Presbytery of Transylvania. I accepted, and a day not far ahead was appointed for my ordination. Knowing that at my ordination I should be required to adopt the Confession of Faith, as the system of doctrines taught in the Bible, I determined to give it a careful examination once more. This was to me almost the beginning of sorrows. I stumbled at the doctrine of Trinity as taught in the Confession; I labored to believe it, but could not conscientiously subscribe to it. Doubts,

too, arose in my mind on the doctrines of election, reprobation and predestination, as there taught. I had before this time learned from my superiors the way of divesting those doctrines of their hard, repulsive features, and admitted them as true, yet unfathomable mysteries. Viewing them as such, I let them alone in my public discourses, and confined myself to the practical part of religion, and to subjects within my depth. But in re-examining these doctrines I found the covering put over them could not hide them from a discerning eye with close inspection. Indeed, I saw they were necessary to the system without any covering.

In this state of mind the day appointed for my ordination found me. I had determined to tell the presbytery honestly the state of my mind, and to request them to defer my ordination until I should be better informed and settled The presbytery came together, and a large congregation attended. Before its constitution, I took aside the two pillars of it, Dr. James Blythe and Robert Marshall, and made known to them my difficulties, and that I had determined to decline ordination at that time. They labored, but in vain, to remove my difficulties and objections. They asked me how far I was willing to receive the Confession. I told them as far as I saw it consistent with the word of God. They concluded that was sufficient. I went into presbytery, and when the question was proposed, "Do you receive and adopt the Confession of Faith, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Bible?" I answered aloud, so that the whole congregation might hear, "I do, as far as I see it consistent with the word of God." No objection being made, I was ordained.

CHAPTER V.

His mind is greatly agitated by Calvinistic speculations—He re-examines the Scriptures, and cordially abandons Calvinism —Hears of a great religious excitement in Logan County, Kentucky, in the spring of 1801, and hastens to attend a camp-meeting in that county—Is astonished at the wonderful religious exercises—Multitudes confess the Saviour—Returns from Logan filled with religious zeal—Under his labors similar scenes occur at Cane Ridge and Concord—Great excitement and religious interest pervade the community—Married to Elizabeth Campbell, July, 1801—Great Cane Ridge meeting—Description of.

About this time my mind was continually tossed on the waves of speculative divinity, the all-engrossing theme of the religious community at that period. Clashing, controversial opinions were urged by the different sects with much zeal and bad feeling. No surer sign of the low state of true religion. I at that time believed, and taught, that mankind were so totally depraved that they could do nothing acceptable to God, till his Spirit, by some physical, almighty and mysterious power, had quickened, enlightened and regenerated the heart, and thus prepared the sinner to believe in Jesus for salvation. I began plainly to see that if God did not perform this regenerating work in all, it must be because he chose to do it for some and not for others, and that this depended on his own sovereign will and pleasure. It then required no depth of intellect to see that this doctrine is inseparably linked with unconditional election and reprobation, as taught in the Westminster Confession of Faith. They are virtually one; and this was the reason why I admitted

the decrees of election and reprobation, having admitted the doctrine of total depravity. They are inseparable.

Scores of objections would continually roll across my mind against this system. These I imputed to the blasphemous suggestions of Satan, and labored to repel them as Satanic temptations, and not honestly to meet them with Scriptural arguments. Often when I was addressing the listening multitudes on the doctrine of total depravity, their inability to believe, and of the necessity of the physical power of God to produce faith, and then persuading the helpless to repent and believe the gospel, my zeal in a moment would be chilled at the contradiction. How can they believe? How can they repent? How can they do impossibilities? How can they be guilty in not doing them? Such thoughts would almost stifle utterance and were as mountains pressing me down to the shades of death. I tried to rest in the common salvo of that day; *i. e.,* the distinction between natural and moral ability and inability. The pulpits were continually ringing with this doctrine, but to my mind it ceased to be a relief; for, by whatever name it be called, that inability was in the sinner, and therefore he could not believe nor repent, but must be damned. Wearied with the works and doctrines of men, and distrustful of their influence, I made the Bible my constant companion. I honestly, earnestly and prayerfully sought for the truth, determined to buy it at the sacrifice of everything else.

On a certain evening, when engaged in secret prayer and reading my Bible, my mind came unusually filled with comfort and peace. I never recollect of having before experienced such an ardent love and tenderness for all mankind, and such a longing desire for their salvation. My mind was chained to this subject, and for some days and nights I was almost continually praying

for the ruined world. During this time I expressed my feelings to a pious person, and rashly remarked, "So great is my love for sinners that, had I power, I would save them all." The person appeared to be horror-stricken, and remarked, "Do you love them more than God does? Why, then, does he not save them? Surely he has almighty power." I blushed, was confounded and silent, and quickly retired to the silent woods for meditation and prayer. I asked myself, Does God love the world—the whole world? And has he not almighty power to save? If so, all must be saved, for who can resist his power? Had I a friend or child, whom I greatly loved, and saw him at the point of drowning, and utterly unable to help himself, and if I were perfectly able to save him, would I not do it? Would I not contradict my love to him, my very nature, if I did not save him? Should I not do wrong in withholding my power? And will not God save all whom he loves?

These were to me puzzling questions—I could not satisfactorily solve them consistently with my faith. I was firmly convinced that according to Scripture all were not saved; the conclusion, then, was irresistible, that God did not love all, and therefore it followed, of course, that the spirit in me, which loved all the world so vehemently, could not be the Spirit of God, but the spirit of delusion. My mind became involved in gloom, my trouble rolled back upon me with renewed weight, and all my joys were gone. I prostrated myself before God in prayer, but it was immediately suggested, you are praying in unbelief, and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." You must believe or expect no good from the hand of God. But I can not believe; as soon could I make a world. Then you must be damned, for "he that believeth not shall be damned." But will the Lord condemn me to eternal punishment for

not doing an impossibility? So I thought. I shudder while I write it—blasphemy rose in my heart against such a God, and my tongue was tempted to utter it. Sweat profusely burst from the pores of my body, and the fires of hell gat hold on me. In this uncommon state I remained for two or three days.

From this state of perplexity I was relieved by the precious word of God. From reading and meditating upon it, I became convinced that God did love the whole world, and that the reason why he did not save all was because of their unbelief; and that the reason why they believed not was not because God did not exert his physical, almighty power in them to make them believe, but because they neglected and received not his testimony given in the Word concerning his Son. "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name." I saw that the requirement to believe in the Son of God was reasonable, because the testimony given was sufficient to produce faith in the sinner, and the invitations and encouragement of the gospel were sufficient, if believed, to lead him to the Saviour, for the promised Spirit, salvation and eternal life.

This glimpse of faith, of truth, was the first divine ray of light that ever led my distressed, perplexed mind from the labyrinth of Calvinism and error, in which I had so long been bewildered. It was that which led me into rich pastures of gospel liberty. I now saw plainly that it was not against the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that I had been tempted to blaspheme, but against the character of a God not revealed in the Scriptures—a character no rational creature can love or honor —a character universally detested when seen even in man; for what man, professing great love for his child-

dren, would give them impossible commands, and then severely punish them for not doing them, and all this for his mere good pleasure? What man acting thus would not be despised as a monster, or demon in human shape, and be hissed from all respectable society? Shall we dare to impute such a character to the God of the universe?

Let me here speak when I shall be lying under the clods of the grave. Calvinism is among the heaviest clogs on Christianity in the world. It is a dark mountain between heaven and earth, and is amongst the most discouraging hindrances to sinners from seeking the kingdom of God, and engenders bondage and gloominess to the saints. Its influence is felt throughout the Christian world, even where it is least suspected. Its first link is total depravity. Yet are there thousands of precious saints in this system.

As might be expected, many objections arose in my mind against the doctrines just received by me, and these objections were multiplied by a correspondent, a Presbyterian preacher, to whom I had communicated my views. I resolved not to declare them publicly till I could be able to defend them against successful opposition. In a subsequent part of these memoirs the declaration and defense will be seen.

Things moved on quietly in my congregations, and in the country generally. Apathy in religious societies appeared everywhere to an alarming degree. Not only the power of religion had disappeared, but also the very form of it was waning fast away, and continued so till the beginning of the present century. Having heard of a remarkable religious excitement in the south of Kentucky, and in Tennessee, under the labors of James McGready and other Presbyterian ministers, I was very

anxious to be among them, and early in the spring of 1801 went there to attend a camp-meeting. There, on the edge of a prairie in Logan County, Kentucky, the multitudes came together, and continued a number of days and nights encamped on the ground, during which time worship was carried on in some part of the encampment. The scene to me was new and passing strange. It baffled description. Many, very many, fell down, as men slain in battle, and continued for hours together in an apparently breathless and motionless state—sometimes for a few moments reviving, and exhibiting symptoms of life by a deep groan, or piercing shriek, or by a prayer for mercy most fervently uttered. After lying thus for hours, they obtained deliverance. The gloomy cloud, which had covered their faces, seemed gradually and visibly to disappear, and hope in smiles brightened into joy—they would rise shouting deliverance, and then would address the surrounding multitude in language truly eloquent and impressive. With astonishment did I hear men, women and children declaring the wonderful works of God, and the glorious mysteries of the gospel. Their appeals were solemn, heart-penetrating, bold and free. Under such addresses many others would fall down into the same state from which the speakers had just been delivered.

Two or three of my particular acquaintances from a distance were struck down. I sat patiently by one of them, whom I knew to be a careless sinner, for hours, and observed with critical attention everything that passed from the beginning to the end. I noticed the momentary revivings as from death, the humble confession of sins, the fervent prayer, and the ultimate deliverance; then the solemn thanks and praise to God, the affectionate exhortation to companions and to the people

around to repent and come to Jesus. I was astonished at the knowledge of gospel truth displayed in the address. The effect was that several sank down into the same appearance of death. After attending to many such cases, my conviction was complete that it was a good work—the work of God; nor has my mind wavered since on the subject. Much did I then see, and much have I since seen, that I considered to be fanaticism; but this should not condemn the work. The devil has always tried to ape the works of God to bring them into disrepute. But that can not be a Satanic work which brings men to humble confession and forsaking of sin, fervent praise and thanksgiving, and to sincere and affectionate exhortations to sinners to repent and go to Jesus the Saviour.

I am always hurt to hear people speak lightly of this work. I always think they speak of what they know nothing about. Should everything bearing the impress of imperfection be blasphemously rejected, who amongst us at this time could stand? But more on this subject hereafter.

The meeting being closed, I returned with ardent spirits to my congregations. I reached my appointment at Cane Ridge on Lord's Day. Multitudes had collected, anxious to hear the religious news of the meeting I had attended in Logan. I ascended the pulpit, and gave a relation of what I had seen and heard; then opened my Bible and preached from these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." On the universality of the gospel, and faith as the condition of salvation, I principally dwelt, and urged the sinner to believe now and be saved. I labored to remove their pleas and objections,

nor was it labor in vain. The congregation was affected with awful solemnity, and many returned home weeping. Having left appointments to preach in the congregation within a few days, I hurried over to Concord to preach at night.

At our night meeting at Concord, two little girls were struck down under the preaching of the Word, and in every respect were exercised as those were in the south of Kentucky, as already described. Their addresses made deep impressions on the congregation. On the next day I returned to Cane Ridge, and attended my appointment at William Maxwell's. I soon heard of the good effects of the meeting on the Sunday before Many were solemnly engaged in seeking salvation, and some had found the Lord, and were rejoicing in him. Among these last was my particular friend, Nathaniel Rogers, a man of first respectability and influence in the neighborhood. Just as I arrived at the gate, my friend Rogers and his lady came up; as soon as he saw me, he shouted aloud the praises of God. We hurried into each other's embrace, he still praising the Lord aloud. The crowd left the house and hurried to this novel scene. In less than twenty minutes scores had fallen to the ground. Paleness, trembling and anxiety appeared in all; some attempted to fly from the scene panic-stricken, but they either fell or returned immediately to the crowd, as unable to get away. In the midst of this exercise, an intelligent deist in the neighborhood stepped up to me and said: "Mr. Stone, I always thought before that you were an honest man, but now I am convinced you are deceiving the people." I viewed him with pity, and mildly spoke a few words to him; immediately he fell as a dead man, and rose no more till he confessed the Saviour. The meeting continued on that spot in the

open air till late at night, and many found peace in glorification of the Lord.

The effects of this meeting through the country were like fire in dry stubble driven by a strong wind. All felt its influence more or less. Soon after we had a protracted meeting at Concord. The whole country appeared to be in motion to the place, and multitudes of all denominations attended. All seemed heartily to unite in the work and in Christian love. Party spirit, abashed, shrunk away. To give a true description of this meeting can not be done; it would border on the marvelous. It continued five days and nights without ceasing. Many, very many, will through eternity remember it with thanksgiving and praise.

On the 2d of July, 1801, I was married to Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Col. William Campbell and Tabitha his wife, daughter of Gen. William Russell, of Virginia. My companion was pious and much engaged in religion. We hurried up from Muhlenberg, where her mother lived, to be in readiness for a great meeting, to commence at Cane Ridge shortly after This memorable meeting came on Thursday or Friday before the third Lord's Day in August, 1801. The roads were literally crowded with wagons, carriages, horsemen and footmen moving to the solemn camp. The sight was affecting. It was judged, by military men on the ground, that there were between twenty and thirty thousand collected. Four or five preachers were frequently speaking at the same time, in different parts of the encampment, without confusion. The Methodist and Baptist preachers aided in the work, and all appeared cordially united in it—of one mind and one soul, and the salvation of sinners seemed to be the great object of all. We all engaged in singing the same songs of praise—all united in prayer—all

preached the same things—free salvation urged upon all by faith and repentance. A particular description of this meeting would fill a large volume, and then the half would not be told. The numbers converted will be known only in eternity. Many things transpired there which were so much like miracles that, if they were not, they had the same effect as miracles on infidels and unbelievers; for many of them by these were convinced that Jesus was the Christ, and bowed in submission to him. This meeting continued six or seven days and nights, and would have continued longer, but provisions for such a multitude failed in the neighborhood.

To this meeting many had come from Ohio and other distant parts, who returned home and diffused the same spirit in their neighborhoods, and the same works followed. So low had religion sunk, and such carelessness universally had prevailed, that I have thought that nothing common could have arrested the attention of the world; therefore these uncommon agitations were sent for this purpose. However, this was their effect upon the community. As I have seen no history of these bodily agitations of that day, but from the pens of enemies or scorners, and as I have been an eye and ear witness of them from the beginning, and am now over threescore and ten years of age, on the brink of eternity, into which almost all of the old witnesses have entered, therefore I will endeavor to give a description of them in a distinct chapter, for your information.

CHAPTER VI.

An account of the remarkable religious exercises witnessed in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The bodily agitations, or exercises, attending the excitement in the beginning of this century were various, and called by various names; as, the falling exercise, the jerks, the dancing exercise, the barking exercise, the laughing and singing exercise, etc. The falling exercise was very common among all classes, the saints and sinners of every age and of every grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would, generally, with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor, earth or mud, and appear as dead. Of thousands of similar cases, I will mention one. At a meeting two gay young ladies, sisters, were standing together attending to the exercises and preaching at the time. Instantly they both fell with a shriek of distress, and lay for more than an hour apparently in a lifeless state. Their mother, a pious Baptist, was in great distress, fearing they would not revive. At length they began to exhibit symptoms of life, by crying fervently for mercy, and then relapsed into the same deathlike state, with an awful gloom on their countenances. After awhile the gloom on the face of one was succeeded by a heavenly smile, and she cried out, "Precious Jesus!" and rose up and spoke of the love of God, the preciousness of Jesus, and of the glory of the gospel, to the surrounding crowd in language almost superhuman, and pathetically exhorted all to repentance. In a little while after the other sister was similarly exercised. From that time they became remarkably pious

members of the church, and were constant in attendance.

I have seen very many pious persons fall in the same way from a sense of the danger of their unconverted children, brothers or sisters—from a sense of the danger of their neighbors and of the sinful world. I have heard them agonizing in tears and strong crying for mercy to be shown to sinners, and speaking like angels to all around.

The jerks can not be so easily described. Sometimes the subject of the jerks would be affected in some one member of the body, and sometimes in the whole system. When the head alone was affected, it would be jerked backward and forward, or from side to side, so quickly that the features of the face could not be distinguished. When the whole system was affected, I have seen the person stand in one place and jerk backward and forward in quick succession, their head nearly touching the floor behind and before. All classes, saints and sinners, the strong as well as the weak, were thus affected. I have inquired of those thus affected. They could not account for it; but some have told me that those were among the happiest seasons of their lives. I have seen some wicked persons thus affected, and all the time cursing the jerks, while they were thrown to the earth with violence. Though so awful to behold, I do not remember that any one of the thousands I have seen ever sustained an injury in body. This was as strange as the exercise itself.

The dancing exercise. This generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. The subject, after jerking awhile, began to dance, and then the jerks would cease. Such dancing was indeed heavenly to the spectators; there was nothing in it like levity, nor calculated to excite levity in the beholders. The smile

of heaven shone on the countenance of the subject, and assimilated to angels appeared the whole person. Sometimes the motion was quick and sometimes slow. Thus they continued to move forward and backward in the same track or alley till nature seemed exhausted, and they would fall prostrate on the floor or earth, unless caught by those standing by. While thus exercised, I have heard their solemn praises and prayers ascending to God.

The barking exercise (as opposers contemptuously called it) was nothing but the jerks. A person affected with the jerks, especially in his head, would often make a grunt, or bark, if you please, from the suddenness of the jerk. This name of barking seems to have had its origin from an old Presbyterian preacher of East Tennessee. He had gone into the woods for private devotion, and was seized with the jerks. Standing near a sapling, he caught hold of it, to prevent his falling, and as his head jerked back he uttered a grunt or kind of noise similar to a bark, his face being turned upwards. Some wag discovered him in this position, and reported that he found him barking up a tree.

The laughing exercise was frequent, confined solely with the religious. It was a loud, hearty laughter, but one *sui generis;* it excited laughter in none else. The subject appeared rapturously solemn, and his laughter excited solemnity in saints and sinners. It is truly indescribable.

The running exercise was nothing more than that persons, feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear, attempted to run away, and thus escape from them; but it commonly happened that they ran not far before they fell, or became so greatly agitated that they could proceed no farther. I knew a young physi-

cian of a celebrated family who came some distance to a big meeting to see the strange things he had heard of. He and a young lady had sportively agreed to watch over and take care of each other if either should fall. At length the physician felt something very uncommon, and started from the congregation to run into the woods; he was discovered running as for life, but did not proceed far till he fell down, and there lay till he submitted to the Lord, and afterwards became a zealous member of the church. Such cases were common.

I shall close this chapter with the singing exercise. This is more unaccountable than anything else I ever saw. The subject in a very happy state of mind would sing most melodiously, not from the mouth or nose, but entirely in the breast, the sounds issuing thence. Such music silenced everything and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly. None could ever be tired of hearing it. Dr. J. P. Campbell and myself were together at a meeting, and were attending to a pious lady thus exercised, and concluded it to be something surpassing anything we had known in nature.

Thus have I given a brief account of the wonderful things that appeared in the great excitement in the beginning of this century. That there were many eccentricities and much fanaticism in this excitement, was acknowledged by its warmest advocates; indeed, it would have been a wonder if such things had not appeared in the circumstances of that time. Yet the good effects were seen and acknowledged in every neighborhood, and among the different sects it silenced contention and promoted unity for awhile; and these blessed effects would have continued had not men put forth their unhallowed hands to hold up their tottering ark, mistaking it for the ark of God. In the next chapter this will appear.

CHAPTER VII.

Hemorrhage of the lungs from excessive speaking, etc.—Attends a camp-meeting at Paris—Meets with opposition—Frees his slaves—Richard McNemar, John Dunlavy, John Thompson, Robert Marshall and himself concur in religious views—Revival checked by opposition—Partyism rekindled—McNemar tried—Protest against proceedings of synod in McNemar's case, and withdrawal of Richard McNemar, John Dunlavy, John Thompson, Robert Marshall and himself from jurisdiction of synod—They are suspended—Formed themselves into a separate presbytery, called Springfield Presbytery—Apology published—Abandons Presbyterianism—Surrenders all claim to salary—Last Will and Testament of Springfield Presbytery.

Since the beginning of the excitement I had been employed day and night in preaching, singing, visiting and praying with the distressed, till my lungs failed, and became inflamed, attended with a violent cough and spitting of blood. It was believed to be a dangerous case, and might terminate in consumption. My strength failed, and I felt myself fast descending to the tomb. Viewing this event near, and that I should soon cease from my labors, I had a great desire to attend a camp-meeting at Paris, a few miles distant from Cane Ridge. My physician had strictly forbidden me to preach any more till my disease should be removed.

At this camp-meeting the multitudes assembled in a shady grove near Paris, with their wagons and provisions. Here for the first time a Presbyterian preacher arose and opposed the work, and the doctrine by which the work amongst us had its existence and life. He labored hard to Calvinize the people, and to regulate

them according to his standard of propriety. He wished them to decamp at night, and to repair to the town, nearly a mile off, for worship in a house that could not contain half the people. This could not be done without leaving their tents and all exposed. The consequence was the meeting was divided and the work greatly impeded. Infidels and formalists triumphed at this supposed victory, and extolled the preacher to the skies; but the hearts of the revivalists were filled with sorrow. Being in a feeble state, I went to the meeting in town. A preacher was put forward who had always been hostile to the work, and seldom mingled with us. He lengthily addressed the people in iceberg style—its influence was deathly. I felt a strong desire to pray as soon as he should close, and had so determined in my own mind. He at length closed, and I arose and said, "Let us pray." At that very moment another preacher of the same caste with the former rose in the pulpit to preach another sermon. I proceeded to pray, feeling a tender concern for the salvation of my fellow-creatures, and expecting shortly to appear before my Judge. The people became very much affected, and the house was filled with the cries of distress. Some of the preachers jumped out of a window back of the pulpit, and left us. Forgetting my weakness, I pushed through the crowd from one to another in distress, pointed them the way of salvation, and administered to them the comforts of the gospel. My good physician was there, came to me in the crowd, and found me literally wet with sweat. He hurried me to his house, and lectured me severely on the impropriety of my conduct. I immediately put on dry clothes, went to bed, slept comfortably, and rose next morning relieved from the disease which had baffled medicine and threatened my life. That night's sweat was my cure, by the grace of

God. I was soon able to renew my ministerial labors, and was joyful to see religion progressing. This happy state of things continued for some time, and seemed to gather strength with days. My mind became unearthly, and was solely engaged in the work of the Lord. I had emancipated my slaves from a sense of right, choosing poverty with a good conscience, in preference to all the treasures of the world. This revival cut the bonds of many poor slaves, and this argument speaks volumes in favor of the work. For of what avail is a religion of decency and order without righteousness?

There were at this time five preachers in the Presbyterian connection who were in the same strain of preaching, and whose doctrine was different from that taught in the Confession of Faith of that body. Their names were Richard McNemar, John Thompson, John Dunlavy, Robert Marshall and myself; the three former lived in Ohio, the two latter in Kentucky. David Purviance was then a candidate for the ministry, and was of the same faith. The distinguishing doctrine, which we boldly and everywhere preached, is contained in our apology, printed shortly after that time, which I desire to be reprinted with these memoirs of my life, affixed to the same volume. From some of the sentiments of this apology we afterwards dissented, especially on the atonement, as stated in that book.

The distinguishing doctrine preached by us was that God loved the world—the whole world—and sent his Son to save them, on condition that they believed in him; that the gospel was the means of salvation, but that this means would never be effectual to this end until believed and obeyed by us; that God required us to believe in his Son, and had given us sufficient evidence in his Word to produce faith in us, if attended to by us; that sinners

were capable of understanding and believing this testimony, and of acting upon it by coming to the Saviour and obeying him, and from him obtaining salvation and the Holy Spirit. We urged upon the sinner to believe now and receive salvation; that in vain they looked for the Spirit to be given them while they remained in unbelief—they must believe before the Spirit or salvation would be given them; that God was as willing to save them now as he ever was, or ever would be; that no previous qualification was required or necessary in order to believe in Jesus and come to him; that if they were sinners, this was their divine warrant to believe in him and to come to him for salvation; that Jesus died for all, and that all things were now ready. When we began first to preach these things, the people appeared as just awakened from the sleep of ages—they seemed to see for the first time that they were responsible beings, and that a refusal to use the means appointed was a damning sin.

The sticklers for orthodoxy amongst us writhed under these doctrines, but, seeing their mighty effects on the people, they winked at the supposed errors, and through fear, or other motives, they did not at first publicly oppose us. They painfully saw their Confession of Faith neglected in the daily ministration by the preachers of the revival, and murmured at the neglect. In truth, that book had been gathering dust from the commencement of the excitement, and would have been completely covered from view had not its friends interposed to prevent it. At first they were pleased to see the Methodists and Baptists so cordially uniting with us in worship, no doubt hoping they would become Presbyterians. But as soon as they saw these sects drawing away disciples after them, they raised the tocsin of alarm—the

Confession is in danger!—the church is in danger!—O Israel, to your tents!

These sticklers began to preach boldly the doctrines of their Confession, and used their most potent arguments in their defense. The gauntlet was now thrown, and a fire was now kindled that threatened ruin to the great excitement; it revived the dying spirit of partyism, and gave life and strength to trembling infidels and lifeless professors. The sects were roused. The Methodists and Baptists, who had so long lived in peace and harmony with the Presbyterians, and with one another, now girded on their armor, and marched into the deathly field of controversy and war. These were times of distress. The spirit of partyism soon expelled the spirit of love and union—peace fled before discord and strife, and religion was stifled and banished in the unhallowed struggle for pre-eminence. Who shall be the greatest? seemed to be the spirit of the contest—the salvation of a ruined world was no longer the burden, and the spirit of prayer in mourning took its flight from the breasts of many preachers and people. Yet there were some of all the sects who deplored this unhappy state of things; but their entreating voice for peace was drowned by the din of war.

Though the revival was checked, it was not destroyed; still the spirit of truth lingered in our assemblies, and evidenced his presence with us. One thing is certain, that from that revival a fountain of light has sprung by which the eyes of thousands are opened to just and proper views of the gospel, and it promises fair to enlighten the world and bring them back to God and his institutions.

In this state of confusion, the friends of the Confession were indignant at us for preaching doctrines so con-

radictory to it. They determined to arrest our progress and put us down. The Presbytery of Springfield, in Ohio, first took McNemar through their fiery ordeal, for preaching these anti-Calvinistic doctrines. From that presbytery his case came before the Synod of Lexington, Kentucky. That body appeared generally very hostile to our doctrine, and there was much spirited altercation among them. The other four of us well knew what would be our fate by the decision on McNemar's case; for it was plainly hinted to us that we would not be forgotten by the synod. We waited anxiously for the issue, till we plainly saw it would be adverse to him, and consequently to us all.

In a short recess of Synod, we five withdrew to a private garden, where, after prayer for direction and a free conversation, with a perfect unanimity we drew up a protest against the proceeding of synod in McNemar's case, and a declaration of our independence, and of our withdrawal from their jurisdiction, but not from their communion. This protest we immediately presented to the synod, through their moderator; it was altogether unexpected by them, and produced very unpleasant feelings, and a profound silence for a few minutes ensued.

We retired to a friend's house in town, whither we were quickly followed by a committee of synod, sent to reclaim us to their standards. We had with them a very friendly conversation, the result of which was that one of the committee, Matthew Houston, became convinced that the doctrine we preached was true, and soon after united with us. Another of the committee, old Father David Rice, of precious memory, on whose influence the synod chiefly depended to reclaim us, urged one argument worthy of record; it was this—that every departure from Calvinism was an advance to atheism. The grades

named by him were, from Calvinism to Arminianism—from Arminianism to Pelagianism—from Pelagianism to deism—from deism to atheism. This was his principal argument, which could have no effect on minds ardent in the search of truth.

The committee reported to synod their failure in reclaiming us, and, after a few more vain attempts, they proceeded to the solemn work of suspending us, because we had departed from the standards of their church and taught doctrines subversive of them. Committees were immediately sent to our congregations to read the synod's bull of suspension, and to declare them vacant. However just their decision might be with respect to the other four, in suspending them for the crime of departing from the Confession of Faith, yet all plainly saw that it was improper with regard to me, seeing I had not received that book at my ordination, nor ever before, more than any other book; *i. e.*, as far as I saw it agreeable to the word of God. Their bull was "a blow in the air" as regarded me. I am therefore an ordained preacher by the imposition of the hands of the Transylvania Presbytery, and as I have not formally been excluded from the communion of that church, I can yet claim it with just right. We insisted that after we had orderly protested, and withdrawn, that the synod had no better right to suspend us than the Pope of Rome had to suspend Luther after he had done the same thing. We contended if Luther's suspension was valid, then the whole Protestant succession was out of order, and of course that the synod had no better right to administer in the gospel than we—that their act of suspension was void.

This act of synod produced great commotion and division in the churches: not only were churches divided, but families; those who before had lived in harmony and

love, were now set in hostile array against each other. What scenes of confusion and distress! Not produced by the Bible, but by human authoritative creeds, supported by sticklers for orthodoxy. My heart was sickened, and effectually turned against such creeds, as nuisances of religious society, and the very bane of Christian unity.

Immediately after our separation from synod, we constituted ourselves into a presbytery, which we called the Springfield Presbytery. We wrote a letter to our congregations, informed them of what had transpired, and promised shortly to give them and the world a full account of our views of the gospel, and the causes of our separation from synod. This book we soon after published, called "The Apology of Springfield Presbytery." In this book we stated our objections at length to the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, and against all authoritative confessions and creeds formed by fallible men. We expressed our total abandonment of all authoritative creeds but the Bible alone as the only rule of our faith and practice. This book produced a great effect in the Christian community; it was quickly republished by the Methodists in the State of Virginia, except our remarks upon creeds, which doubtless did them some good.

The presses were employed, and teemed forth pamphlets against us, full of misrepresentation and invective, and the pulpits everywhere echoed their contents These pamphlets and harangues against us excited inquiry and conviction in the minds of many, and greatly conduced to spread our views. The arguments against us were clothed with such bitter words and hard speeches that many serious and pious persons, disgusted and offended with their authors, were driven from them, and cleaved to us.

Soon after our separation, I called together my congregations, and informed them that I could no longer conscientiously preach to support the Presbyterian Church; that my labors should henceforth be directed to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, irrespective of party; that I absolved them from all obligations in a pecuniary point of view, and then in their presence tore up their salary obligation to me, in order to free their minds from all fear of being called upon hereafter for aid. Never had a pastor and churches lived together more harmoniously than we had for about six years. Never had I found a more loving, kind and orderly people in any country, and never had I felt a more cordial attachment to any others. I told them that I should continue to preach among them, but not in the relation that had previously existed between us. This was truly a day of sorrow, and the impressions of it are indelible.

Thus to the cause of truth I sacrificed the friendship of two large congregations, and an abundant salary for the support of myself and family. I preferred the truth to the friendship and kindness of my associates in the Presbyterian ministry, who were dear to me and tenderly united in the bonds of love. I preferred honesty and a good conscience to all these things. Having now no support from the congregations, and having emancipated my slaves, I turned my attention cheerfully, though awkwardly, to labor on my little farm. Though fatigued in body, my mind was happy and "calm as summer evenings be." I relaxed not in my ministerial labors, preaching almost every night, and often in the daytime, to the people around. I had no money to hire laborers, and often on my return home I found the weeds were getting ahead of my corn. I had often to labor at night while others were asleep, to redeem my lost time.

Under the name of Springfield Presbytery we went forward preaching and constituting churches; but we had not worn our name more than one year before we saw it savored of a party spirit. With the man-made creeds we threw it overboard, and took the name Christian—the name given to the disciples by divine appointment first at Antioch. We published a pamphlet on this name, written by Elder Rice Haggard, who had lately united with us. Having divested ourselves of all party creeds and party names, and trusting alone in God and the word of his grace, we became a byword and laughing-stock to the sects around, all prophesying our speedy annihilation. Yet from this period I date the commencement of that reformation which has progressed to this day. Through much tribulation and opposition we advanced, and churches and preachers were multiplied.

For your information I insert the last will and testament of Springfield Presbytery:

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF SPRINGFIELD PRESBYTERY.

For where a testament is, there must of necessity be the death of the testator; for a testament is of force after men are dead, otherwise it is of no strength at all, while the testator liveth. Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Whose voice then shook the earth; but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifies the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.—*Scripture.*

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, ETC.

The Presbytery of Springfield, sitting at Cane Ridge, in the county of Bourbon, being, through a gracious Providence, in more than ordinary bodily health, growing in strength and size daily, and in perfect soundness and composure of mind; but knowing that it is appointed for all delegated bodies once to die, and considering that the life of every such body is very uncertain, do make and ordain this our last will and testament, in manner and form following, viz.:

Imprimis. We will, that this body die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the body of Christ at large; for there is but one body, and one Spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling.

Item. We will, that our name of distinction, with its reverend title, be forgotten, that there be but one Lord over God's heritage, and his name one.

Item. We will, that our power of making laws for the government of the church, and executing them by delegated authority, forever cease; that the people may have free course to the Bible, and adopt the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

Item. We will, that candidates for the gospel ministry henceforth study the Holy Scriptures with fervent prayer, and obtain license from God to preach the simple gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, without any mixture of philosophy, vain deceit, traditions of men, or the rudiments of the world. And let none henceforth take this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

Item. We will, that the church of Christ resume her native right of internal government—try her candidates for the ministry, as to their soundness in the faith,

acquaintance with experimental religion, gravity and aptness to teach; and admit no other proof of their authority but Christ speaking in them. We will, that the church of Christ look up to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest; and that she resume her primitive right of trying those who say they are apostles, and are not.

Item. We will, that each particular church, as a body, actuated by the same spirit, choose her own preacher, and support him by a freewill offering, without a written call or subscription—admit members—remove offences; and never henceforth delegate her right of government to any man or set of men whatever.

Item. We will, that the people henceforth take the Bible as the only sure guide to heaven; and as many as are offended with other books, which stand in competition with it, may cast them into the fire if they choose; for it is better to enter into life having one book, than having many to be cast into hell.

Item. We will, that preachers and people cultivate a spirit of mutual forbearance; pray more and dispute less; and while they behold the signs of the times, look up, and confidently expect that redemption draweth nigh.

Item. We will, that our weak brethren, who may have been wishing to make the Presbytery of Springfield their king, and wot not what is now become of it, betake themselves to the Rock of Ages, and follow Jesus for the future.

Item. We will, that the Synod of Kentucky examine every member, who may be suspected of having departed from the Confession of Faith, and suspend every such suspected heretic immediately, in order that the oppressed may go free, and taste the sweets of gospel liberty.

Item. We will, that Ja——, the author of two letters

lately published in Lexington, be encouraged in his zeal to destroy partyism. We will, moreover, that our past conduct be examined into by all who may have correct information; but let foreigners beware of speaking evil of things which they know not.

Item. Finally we will, that all our sister bodies read their Bibles carefully, that they may see their fate there determined, and prepare for death before it is too late.

SPRINGFIELD PRESBYTERY, June 28, 1804. } L. S.

ROBERT MARSHALL, B. W. STONE,
JOHN DUNLAVY, JOHN THOMPSON,
RICHARD MCNEMAR, DAVID PURVIANCE,
Witnesses.

THE WITNESSES' ADDRESS.

We, the above-named witnesses to the last will and testament of the Springfield Presbytery, knowing that there will be many conjectures respecting the causes which have occasioned the dissolution of that body, think proper to testify that from its first existence it was knit together in love, lived in peace and concord, and died a voluntary and happy death.

Their reasons for dissolving that body were the following:

With deep concern they viewed the divisions and party spirit among professing Christians, principally owing to the adoption of human creeds and forms of government. While they were united under the name of a presbytery, they endeavored to cultivate a spirit of love and unity with all Christians; but found it extremely difficult to suppress the idea that they themselves were a party separate from others. This difficulty increased in proportion to their success in the ministry. Jealousies

were excited in the minds of other denominations; and a temptation was laid before those who were connected with the various parties, to view them in the same light. At their last meeting they undertook to prepare for the press a piece entitled "Observations on Church Government," in which the world will see the beautiful simplicity of Christian church government, stripped of human inventions and lordly traditions. As they proceeded in the investigation of that subject, they soon found that there was neither precept nor example in the New Testament for such confederacies as modern church sessions, presbyteries, synods, general assemblies, etc. Hence they concluded that while they continued in the connection in which they then stood, they were off the foundation of the apostles and prophets, of which Christ himself is the chief corner-stone. However just, therefore, their views of church government might have been, they would have gone out under the name and sanction of a self-constituted body. Therefore, from a principle of love to Christians of every name, the precious cause of Jesus, and dying sinners who are kept from the Lord by the existence of sects and parties in the church, they have cheerfully consented to retire from the din and fury of conflicting parties, sink out of the view of fleshly minds, and die the death. They believe their death will be great gain to the world. But though dead, as above, and stripped of their mortal frame, which only served to keep them too near the confines of Egyptian bondage, they yet live and speak in the land of gospel liberty; they blow the trumpet of jubilee, and willingly devote themselves to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They will aid the brethren, by their counsel, when required; assist in ordaining elders, or pastors; seek the divine blessing; unite with all Christians; commune together, and strengthen each

others' hands in the work of the Lord, if it be his will.

We design, by the grace of God, to continue in the exercise of those functions which belong to us as ministers of the gospel, confidently trusting in the Lord that he will be with us. We candidly acknowledge that in some things we may err, through human infirmity; but he will correct our wanderings, and preserve his church. Let all Christians join with us in crying to God day and night to remove the obstacles which stand in the way of his work, and give him no rest till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. We heartily unite with our Christian brethren of every name in thanksgiving to God for the display of his goodness in the glorious work he is carrying on in our Western country, which we hope will terminate in the universal spread of the gospel and the unity of the church.

Thus far the witnesses of the last will and testament of the Springfield Presbytery. Why the work alluded to above, on the subject of church government, never made its appearance, the writer is not advised. Perhaps the Shaker difficulty, which shortly after this time arose, was the cause; as it is known that Dunlavy and McNemar, two of the witnesses, were carried away with that miserable delusion; and also that shortly after their defection from the cause, Marshall and Thompson began to look back, and subsequently joined the Presbyterians again.

CHAPTER VIII.

Atonement—Change of views—Baptism; is himself immersed—Fanaticism makes considerable advance—The Shakers come—Some of the preachers and people led off.

In 1804 my mind became embarrassed on the doctrine of atonement. I had believed and taught that Christ died as a substitute or surety in our stead, and that he died to make satisfaction to law and justice for our sins, in order to our justification. From these commonly received principles, it would seem to follow that all must be saved, and that Universalism must be the true doctrine. If all were not saved, then it would follow that Christ did not die for all; and then Calvinistic election and reprobation must be the true doctrine. I indulged no doubt in my mind that each of these two systems was condemned by the Scriptures. I studied the system of Andrew Fuller, but was obliged to conclude that it was only a subterfuge and a palliative of the two former systems of Calvinism and Universalism. The growing intelligence of the world must and will see it in this light. I determined to divest myself, as much as possible, of all preconceived opinions on this subject, and search the Scriptures daily for the truth.

I first examined the commonly received doctrine, that Christ as a surety or substitute died to satisfy the demands of law and justice against us, and paid our debts of suffering in our stead, by which we are justified. This is equally the doctrine of Calvinists and the earlier Universalists, differing only in extent; the former limiting the atonement to the elect, and the latter, without limitation, extending it to all mankind. Now I inquired, What

are these debts, paid by the death of Christ? I was answered by the one voice of all, They are death, temporal, spiritual and eternal; and that these were the demands of the violated law, and injured justice of God. I then inquired, Did Christ as a substitute die a natural or temporal death in our stead? If so, why do we all yet die? If the debt was fully paid by him for us, can it be just that we suffer it again? Did he die a spiritual death for us? Why, then, do all, whether elect or non-elect, suffer this death? All are destitute of spiritual life, are dead in trespasses and sins, have no desire for God, nor delight in him. Could a holy law make such demands? Could the holy Jesus pay such? Impossible. I further inquired, Did Christ suffer eternal death in our room and stead? Impossible; for he arose from the dead the third day, and is now alive forevermore in heaven. But the common idea was suggested he suffered what was equivalent to eternal death; he suffered infinitely in degree, but not eternally. This appeared to me a mere subterfuge, as unscriptural as it is unreasonable: for none but the infinite God could suffer infinitely; and as he can not suffer, therefore the doctrine is absurd. Besides, eternal punishment has no end, and to eternity the debt will be unpaid, and until this be done justice can not be fully satisfied, and consequently there can be no justification forever on this plan.

Again, I viewed the substitute or surety, and the person with whom he is connected, as one in law. If the surety pays the debt, it is considered as paid by the person for whom he was surety. Is this a justification by grace or of debt? Is it pardon or forgiveness? I was overwhelmed with astonishment to see the foundations of all the popular systems built upon the sand, and tottering and falling at the touch of truth. The justly celebrated

and eloquent Universalist preacher, Mr. Bailey, of Kentucky, acknowledged that the foundation of Universalism had never been moved or touched till these arguments appeared; and from that time till his death he ceased to teach the doctrine, as I have been informed.

Driven from this foundation, I tried that of the Methodists—that Jesus died to reconcile the Father to us. This I found to be an unscriptural assertion None of the sacred writers have said so. They represent God an unchangeable being. The death of Jesus is never represented as having any effect on God, or his law; but on man the whole effect of it passed for his good. I examined another opinion, now become very common; that is, that Jesus died to open the door of mercy to the world, or to make it possible for God to justify him that believed in his Son. This door was represented to be in the breast of God. Justice and truth had closed it against the egress of mercy to save sinners. It was impossible for mercy to get out till the door was opened; and justice opposed its being opened till satisfaction should be made to its demands. These demands, on inquiry, I found to be as before stated, death temporal, spiritual and eternal. The diction is different, but the sentiments are the same. I saw that the doctrine evidently was not true—that the door of mercy in the breast of God was not closed; for the greatest gifts of mercy, yea, all the gifts of mercy, were vouchsafed to us in the gift of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, before justice could be satisfied by his death. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." The gift of Jesus was before his death, and this, according to the system, must be before the satisfaction. A door against mercy is in our heart, and it is closed; but the Lord is represented as

knocking at that door, and pleading for entrance. When we open, the Lord with his fullness enters, and blesses us.

I further inquired, Did God in his law given by Moses admit of a substitute or surety to die in the room of the guilty? I found that he did not. For, according to the law, every soul was to die for his own sins; even a son should not die for the father, nor the father for the son. The doctrine of suretyship is wrong in civil policy as well as in religion. It is not an authorized doctrine of the Bible, though contended for with so much zeal by system-mongers.

My opportunity to read was very limited, being compelled to manual labor daily on my farm; but so intently engaged was my mind on this and collateral subjects that I always took with me in my cornfield my pen and ink, and as thoughts worthy of note occurred I would cease from my labor and commit them to paper. Thus laboring till I had accumulated matter enough for a pamphlet, and having arranged the ideas, I addressed them in print to a friend. That edition was soon exhausted and I could not supply the many calls for it. This gave a pretext for many to say I had called them in and burnt them. This is not true. They were never called in by me, nor were they burnt in my knowledge. Against this pamphlet, Dr. J. P. Campbell, of Kentucky, a Presbyterian preacher of some notoriety, wrote his "Strictures" —very severe in language, but his arguments were by me considered weak, yet as good as his cause afforded him. To these "Strictures" I replied in another printed pamphlet, to which he made a rejoinder, called the "Vindex." It was judged to be too vindictive to merit a reply; and thus this controversy between us closed. One thing I have since regretted, that the Doctor accused me in his pamphlets of being heterodox on the Trinity. My views

I had never committed to paper, and for years had been silent on that subject in my public addresses. We had been very intimate, and I had disclosed my views to him as to a brother, not suspecting that I should be dragged before the public as I was. I forgive him. But his disclosure was abroad, and induced me to defend myself and the doctrine I believed. This I have done in a book called "My Address to the Churches," and in my letters to James Blythe, D. D., the latter designed as an answer to Thomas Cleland, D. D., who had written furiously against me.

The result of my inquiries on atonement and Trinity will be found in the pamphlets above named. I called atonement, according to the true spelling and pronunciation of the word, "at-one-ment." Sin had separated between God and man, before at-one, when man was holy. Jesus was sent to restore that union, or to make the at-one-ment between God and man. This he effects when he saves us from our sins and makes us holy. When this is effected, God and man are at-one, without any change in God, the whole change being in man. This is effected through faith in Jesus, who lived, died, was buried and rose again. But these things are fully shown in the books referred to above.

About this time the subject of baptism began to arrest the attention of the churches. On this I will state what took place while I was a Presbyterian preacher. Robert Marshall, one of our company, had then become convinced of the truth of the Baptists' views on this subject, and ceased from the practice of pedobaptism; and it was believed he was on the eve of uniting with the Baptists. Alarmed lest he should join them, I wrote him a lengthy letter on the subject, laboring to convince him of his error. In reply, he wrote me another, in which he so

forcibly argued in favor of believers' immersion, and against pedobaptism, that my mind was brought so completely to doubt the latter, that I ceased the practice entirely. About this time the great excitement commenced, and the subject of baptism was for awhile, strangely, almost forgotten. But after a few years it revived, and many became dissatisfied with their infant sprinkling, among whom I was one.

The brethren, elders and deacons came together on this subject; for we had agreed previously with one another to act in concert, and not to adventure on anything new without advice from one another. At this meeting we took up the matter in a brotherly spirit, and concluded that every brother and sister should act freely and according to their conviction of right, and that we should cultivate the long-neglected grace of forbearance towards each other—they who should be immersed, should not despise those who were not, and *vice versa*. Now the question arose, Who will baptize us? The Baptists would not, except we united with them, and there were no elders among us who had been immersed. It was finally concluded among us that if we were authorized to preach, we were also authorized to baptize. The work then commenced; the preachers baptized one another, and crowds came and were also baptized. My congregations very generally submitted to it, and it soon obtained generally, and yet the pulpit was silent on the subject. In Brother Marshall's congregation there were many who wished baptism. As Brother Marshall had not faith in the ordinance, I was called upon to administer This displeased him and a few others.

The subject of baptism now engaged the attention of the people very generally, and some, with myself, began to conclude that it was ordained for the remission of

sins, and ought to be administered in the name of Jesus to all believing penitents. I remember once about this time we had a great meeting at Concord. Mourners were invited every day to collect before the stand, in order for prayers (this being the custom of the times). The brethren were praying daily for the same people, and none seemed to be comforted. I was considering in my mind what could be the cause. The words of Peter at Pentecost rolled through my mind: "Repent, and be baptized for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." I thought, were Peter here, he would thus address these mourners. I quickly arose and addressed them in the same language, and urged them to comply. Into the spirit of the doctrine I was never fully led, until it was revived by Brother Alexander Campbell some years after.

The churches and preachers grew and were multiplied; we began to be puffed up at our prosperity. A law of synod, or presbytery, forbade their people to associate with us in our worship on pain of censure, or exclusion from their communion. This influenced many of them to join us. But this pride of ours was soon humbled by a very extraordinary incident. Three missionary Shakers from the East came amongst us—Bates, Mitchum and Young. They were eminently qualified for their mission. Their appearance was prepossessing, their dress was plain and neat, they were grave and unassuming at first in their manners, very intelligent and ready in the Scriptures, and of great boldness in their faith.

They informed us that they had heard of us in the East, and greatly rejoiced in the work of God amongst us; that as far as we had gone we were right, but we had not gone far enough into the work; that they were

sent by their brethren to teach the way of God more perfectly, by obedience to which we should be led into perfect holiness. They seemed to understand all the springs and avenues of the human heart. They delivered their testimony, and labored to confirm it by the Scriptures—promised the greatest blessings to the obedient, but certain damnation to the disobedient. They urged the people to confess their sins to them, especially the sin of matrimony, and to forsake them all immediately—husbands must forsake their wives, and wives their husbands. This was the burden of their testimony. They said they could perform miracles, and related many as done among them. But we never could persuade them to try to work miracles among us.

Many such things they preached, the consequence of which was similar to that of Simon Magus. Many said they were the great power of God. Many confessed their sins to them and forsook the marriage state, among whom were three of our preachers, Matthew Houston, Richard McNemar and John Dunlavy. Several more of our preachers and pupils, alarmed, fled from us and joined the different sects around us. The sects triumphed at our distress, and watched for our fall, as Jonah watched for the fall of Nineveh under the shadow of his gourd. But a worm at the root of Jonah's gourd killed it, and deprived him of its shade and brought on him great distress. So the worm of Shakerism was busy at the root of all the sects, and brought on them great distress; for multitudes of them, both preachers and common people, also joined the Shakers. Our reproach was rolled away.

Never did I exert myself more than at this time to save the people from this vortex of ruin. I yielded to no discouragement, but labored night and day, far and

near, among the churches where the Shakers went. By this means their influence was happily checked in many places. I labored so hard and constantly that a profuse spitting of blood ensued. Our broken ranks were once more rallied under the standard of heaven, and were soon led on once more to victory. In answer to constant prayer, the Lord visited us and comforted us after this severe trial. The cause again revived and former scenes were renewed.

The Shakers now became our bitter enemies, and united with the sects in their opposition to us. They denied the literal resurrection of the body from the grave; they said the resurrection of the body meant the resurrection of Christ's body, meaning the church. They, the elders, had constant communication and conversation with angels and all the departed saints. They looked for no other or better heaven than that on earth. Their worship, if worthy of the name, consisted in voluntary dancing together. They lived together, and had all things common, entirely under the direction and control of the elders. They flourished greatly for some years, and built several superb villages, but afterwards began to dwindle till they became nearly extinct. John Dunlavy, who had left us and joined them, was a man of a penetrating mind, wrote and published much for them, and was one of their elders in high repute by them. He died in Indiana, raving in desperation for his folly in forsaking the truth for an old woman's fables. Richard McNemar was, before his death, excluded by the Shakers from their society, in a miserable, penniless condition, as I was informed by good authority. The reason of his exclusion I never heard particularly; but, from what was heard, it appears that he had become convinced of his error. The Shakers had a revelation given them to

remove him from their village, and take him to Lebanon, in Ohio, and to set him down in the streets and leave him there in his old age, without friends or money. Soon after he died. Matthew Houston is yet alive, and continues among them.

Their doctrine was that the Christ appeared first in a male, and through life was preparing the way of salvation, which he could not accomplish till his second appearance in a woman, Anne Lees, who was now the Christ, and had full power to save. They had new revelations, superior to the Scriptures, which they called the old record, which were true, but superseded by the new. When they preached to the world they used the old record, and preached a pure gospel, as a bait to catch the unwary; but in the close of their discourse they artfully introduced their testimony. In this way they captivated hundreds and ensnared them in ruin. Their coming was at a most inauspicious time. Some of us were verging on fanaticism; some were so disgusted at the spirit of opposition against us, and the evils of division, that they were almost led to doubt the truth of religion in toto; and some were earnestly breathing after perfection in holiness, of which attainment they were almost despairing, by reason of remaining depravity. The Shakers well knew how to accommodate each of these classes, and decoy them into the trap set for them.

*NOTE.—The Shaker difficulty here alluded to by Father Stone is represented as occurring before the question of baptism agitated the churches. This is a chronological mistake, as doubtless the Shakers came before the question of baptism was stirred. Father Purviance's account of this matter is accordant with the true chronology of the facts. This, to be sure, is a small matter, comparatively.

CHAPTER IX.

The churches had scarcely recovered from the shock of Shakerism, when Marshall and Thompson became disaffected—They endeavor to introduce a human creed—But failing, they return to the Presbyterian Church—Their character—B. W. Stone's only son dies, 1809; his wife, in May, 1810—Her pious character—Breaks up housekeeping—In October, 1811, was married to Celia W. Bowen, and removes to Tennessee—Returns to Kentucky—Teaches a high school in Lexington—Studies the Hebrew language—Appointed principal of the Rittenhouse Academy in Georgetown—Preaches in Georgetown, where he founded a church with a numerous congregation—Is persuaded to resign his station in the academy, and devote his whole time to preaching—Teaches a private school in Georgetown—Goes to Meigs County, Ohio, where a Baptist association agrees to assume the name Christian—Remarkable dream—Travels in Ohio, preaching to multitudes and baptizing many.

Soon after this shock had passed off and the churches were in a prosperous, growing condition (for many excrescences had been lopped off from our body), another dark cloud was gathering, and threatened our entire overthrow. But three of the elders now remained of those that left the Presbyterians, and who had banded together to support the truth—Robert Marshall, John Thompson and myself. I plainly saw that the two former, Marshall and Thompson, were about to forsake us, and to return to the house from whence they had come, and to draw as many after them as they could. They began to speak privately that the Bible was too latitudinarian for a creed—that there was a necessity, at this time, to embody a few fundamental truths, and to make a permanent and final stand upon them. One of these

brethren had written considerably on the points or doctrines to be received, and on those to be rejected by us. He brought the written piece with him to a conference previously appointed, in order to read it to them. It was thought better not to read it at that time, as too premature, but to postpone it to another appointment, which was made at Mount Tabor, near Lexington, at which a general attendance was required.

I made but little opposition then, but requested him to loan me the written piece till our general meeting at Mount Tabor, that I might in the interim study his doctrines accurately. To this he willingly consented, and I availed myself of the permission, and wrote a particular reply to his arguments, which was the foundation of my "Address," afterwards published. The general meeting at Mount Tabor came on, numerously attended. The piece written by Brother Thompson was read publicly, and Brother Hugh Andrews read also a piece of his own composition on the same side of the question. I read mine also, and Brother David Purviance, in the same faith, spoke forcibly. Marshall, Thompson and Andrews labored hard to bring us back to the ground from which we had departed, and to form a system of doctrines from which we should not recede. This scheme was almost universally opposed by a large conference of preachers and people. Those brethren, seeing they could effect nothing, bade us farewell and withdrew from us. Soon afterwards, Marshall and Thompson joined the Presbyterians, receiving their confession again professedly *ex animo;* and charity hopes they did as they professed. They became our most zealous opposers; Marshall was required by the presbytery to visit all our churches, where he had formerly preached his errors, and renounce them publicly, and preach to them the pure doctrine.

These two brothers were great and good men. Their memory is dear to me, and their fellowship I hope to enjoy in a better world. Marshall has been dead for some years. He never could regain his former standing, nor the confidence of the people, after he left us. Thompson yet lives (1843), respected and a zealous preacher of the New School Presbyterians, in Crawfordsville, Indiana. Not long since I had several very friendly interviews with him. Old things appeared to be forgotten by us both, and cast off by brotherly, kind affection. Hugh Andrews joined the Methodists, and long since sleeps in death. Of all the five of us that left the Presbyterians, I only was left, and they sought my life. In the winter of 1809, my only son, Barton Warren, died, and in the spring following, May 30, my dear companion Eliza triumphantly followed. She was pious, intelligent and cheerful, truly a helpmeet to me in all my troubles and difficulties. Nothing could depress her, not even sickness nor death itself. I will relate an incident respecting her of interest to me, and maybe to her children. When my mind began to think deeply on the subject of the atonement, I was entirely absorbed in it, yet dared not mention it to any, lest it might involve other minds in similar perplexities. She discovered that something uncommon oppressed me. I was laboring in my field; she came to me and affectionately besought me not to conceal, but plainly declare, the cause of my oppression. We sat down, and I told her my thoughts on the atonement. When I had concluded, she sprang up and praised God aloud most fervently for the truth. From that day till her death she never doubted of its truth.

At her death, four little daughters were left me, the eldest not more than eight years old. I broke up housekeeping and boarded my children with brethren, devot-

ing my whole time gratuitously to the churches scattered far and near. My companion and fellow-laborer was Reuben Dooley, of fervent piety and engaging address. Like myself, he had lately lost his companion, and ceased housekeeping and boarded out his little children. We preached and founded churches throughout the Western States of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. Occasionally we visited our children. All my daughters when young professed faith in Jesus and were baptized. The youngest, Eliza, has long since triumphantly entered into rest.

October 3, 1811, I was married to my present companion, Celia W. Bowen, daughter of Capt. William Bowen and Mary his wife, near Nashville, Tennessee. She was cousin to my former wife. We immediately removed to my old habitation in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and lived happily there for one year. Then, by advice and hard persuasion, we were induced to move to Tennessee, near my wife's widowed mother. The old mother put us on a very good farm, but without a comfortable house for our accommodation. I labored hard at building a house and improving the farm, till I learned that Mother Bowen designed not to give me a deed to the farm, and that the right of giving a deed lay solely in her. I could not blame her for this, as the lands of my first wife, by the laws of Kentucky, belonged to her children at her death. She thought it prudent to deed the land on which we lived to her daughter and children. I had before thought the land was left to my wife by the will of her deceased father. As soon as I heard of our old mother's determination, I concluded to return to Kentucky.

I communicated this to my companion, who approved of my course. In a few days I started back to Kentucky, if possible to get back my old farm I had sold. I had

sold it for twelve dollars per acre, but the price of lands had greatly risen, and I could not get my farm again for less than thirty dollars per acre. I was unable to repurchase it, or any other, at these prices. While I was in Tennessee my field of labors in the Word was very much circumscribed, and my manual labors took up much of my time in fixing for living comfortably. Letters from the churches and brethren in Kentucky were pouring in upon me, pressing me to return to them. Finding myself unable to repurchase my old farm, I yielded to the strong solicitations of the brethren in Lexington and the neighborhood to settle amongst them. They immediately sent a carriage for my family and a wagon to move us up. They had rented me a house in Lexington, and promised to supply my family with every necessary. But I then learned a lesson, and learned it better afterwards, that good men often make promises which they forget to perform.

In Lexington I was compelled to teach a high school for a support. I taught the English grammar, Latin, Greek, and some of the sciences. This school exceeded my highest anticipations. Gentlemen of the first class patronized it, and our institution became popular and respectable. We far outnumbered the pupils of the university. I employed an assistant well qualified. In this time I had to visit once a month my old congregation at Cane Ridge, nearly thirty miles distant, and be back by school-hour on Monday morning. I labored in my school to satisfy my patrons, and profit my pupils, and it is believed that I succeeded.

While teaching there, a Prussian doctor, a Jew of great learning, came to Lexington, and proposed to teach the Hebrew language in a short time. A class was soon made up of a motley mixture of preachers, lawyers and

others. He taught by lectures, and in a very short time we understood the language so as with ease to read and translate by the assistance of a lexicon. This was a desideratum with me, and was of advantage ever after in reading and understanding the Scriptures.

The Rittenhouse Academy in Georgetown became vacant, and urgent solicitations were made to me to become its principal. I consented, and moved there, and soon entered upon the duties of my appointment. The number of students soon became large, and many followed me from Lexington. At that time Georgetown was notorious for irreligion and wickedness. I began to preach to them that they should repent and turn to the Lord. My congregation increased, and became interested on the subject of religion. Soon we constituted a church of six or seven members, which quickly grew to two or three hundred. I was every week baptizing, sometimes thirty at a time, of whom were a number of my pupils, some of whom became useful preachers afterwards. The work of conversion spread a distance round, with but few preachers, and those not very efficient. The harvest was truly great, but the laborers were few.

The churches, without my knowledge, met together and determined that it was proper to engage all my time and services in preaching the gospel; and in order to release me from the academy, they agreed to pay my debt, which I had contracted for a small farm near the town, on which I had moved my family. The only way I had to pay this debt was by the profits of the academy. They had also agreed to supply myself and family with a comfortable support. A deputation of brethren was sent to inform me what was done, and to confer with me on the propriety of yielding to their wishes, and to evangelize steadily among the churches. I yielded, and

resigned the charge of the academy, and gave up myself to the work of the ministry. The remembrance of these days, and of the great and good works which were effected by my humble labors, will cause many to shout the praises of God to eternity.

The time drew near when my debt must be paid. I became uneasy lest I might fail, and named it to my brethren. Fair promises kept up my spirits; but at last I had to borrow a good part of the money and pay the debt myself. And, to add to my trouble, the money borrowed was to be repaid in specie, which I had to buy with commonwealth's depreciated paper, two for one, yet had been by me received at par with silver and gold. I was compelled to desist from evangelizing, and proposed to teach a private school in Georgetown (for the academy was supplied). I had soon as many pupils as I desired. By this means I was enabled to pay the borrowed money and the interest, and had something over. By such constant application to study my health failed. I gave up teaching entirely, and turned to hard labor on my farm, in order to support my family.

I had an appointment of long standing in Meigs County, Ohio, above the mouth of Kanawha, in order to preach and to baptize a Presbyterian preacher living there, whose name was William Caldwell. The time drew near, and I had no money to bear my expenses. I was ashamed to beg, and unable to obtain it. The night before I started on my tour I had meeting in the neighborhood, and when the people were dismissed a letter was slipped into the hand of my little daughter by some unknown person. She handed it to me, and I found a ten-dollar bill enfolded, with these words only written, "For Christ's sake." I was much affected, and received it thankfully as a gift from my Lord to enable

me to do his work. I was much encouraged, believing that the Lord would prosper my way.

I arrived safely and in good spirits at the appointment, where Brother Dooley, of Ohio, met me. The separate Baptists, by previous appointment, held their annual association at the same time and place. We agreed to worship together. The crowd of people was great, and early in the beginning of the meeting I baptized Brother Caldwell in the Ohio River. This circumstance drew the cords of friendship more closely between us and the Baptists. Great was the excitement produced by our united efforts. The elders and members of the association met daily in a house near the stand, where they transacted their business, while worship was carried on at the stand. I was invited and urged to assist them in their deliberations in the association, and frequently requested to give my opinion on certain points, which I did to their acceptance and approbation. They had a very difficult case before them on which they could come to no decision. I was urged to speak on it, and to speak freely. It was evidently a case with which they had no right to meddle, and which involved the system of church government. I spoke freely and fully on the point, and showed it to be a party measure, and of course unscriptural. I exerted myself with meekness against sectarianism, formularies and creeds, and labored to establish the Scriptural union of Christians and their Scriptural name. Till Christians were united in spirit on the Bible, I showed there would be no end to such difficult cases as now agitated them. Having closed my speech, I retired to the worshiping-ground.

The mind of the association was withdrawn from any further attention to their knotty cases, to the consideration of what I had said. The result was that they

agreed to cast away their formularies and creeds, and take the Bible alone for their rule of faith and practice—to throw away their name Baptist and take the name Christian—and to bury their association and to become one with us in the great work of Christian union. They then marched up in a band to the stand, shouting the praise of God, and proclaiming aloud what they had done. We met them, and embraced each other with Christian love, by which the union was cemented. I think the number of elders who united was about twelve. After this the work gloriously progressed, and multitudes were added to the Lord.

A few incidents in my travels, which happened before this time, while I was a widower, and soon after the conference at Mount Tabor, where Marshall and Thompson left us, I wish to mention for the good of evangelists hereafter. At that meeting Brother R. Dooley and myself agreed to travel in Ohio for some time. We started immediately, and went to Eaton. We commenced operations there on Saturday, and appointed to preach at a house near town next day. After meeting on Saturday, a lady (Major Steele's wife) returned home and found her husband just returned from the West. She told him that two strange preachers had come to town, and she had been to hear them. Nothing more was said on this subject. In the night Major Steele dreamed that he went to meeting—that a man whom he had never seen rose to preach. The features of the preacher were deeply impressed on his mind, and the very text from which he preached, which was, "If God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" He was very much agitated in sleep, and awoke. He told his wife the dream, and slept again, and dreamed

the same things. He could sleep no more that night. Next day he came to meeting, and after the congregation met, I arose. That moment Steele recognized the very person whom he had seen in sleep the night before. He began to fear greatly. I read my text, the very one he had heard read in sleep. His mind became so affected that he went out and tried in vain to be composed. He endeavored to shake off the impression by going with a company to the West to explore lands, but all in vain. He returned, and was by us baptized at a subsequent time.

We preached and baptized daily in Eaton for many days. No house could contain the people that flocked to hear. We had to preach in the open streets to the anxious multitude. At night, after service, the cries and prayers of the distressed in many houses around were truly solemn. Almost the whole town and neighborhood were baptized and added to the Lord. We left this place and preached and baptized in many other places. We were poorly clad, and had not money to buy clothes. Going on at a certain time through the barrens, a limb tore Brother Dooley's striped linen pantaloons very much. He had no other, nor had I another pair to lend him. We consoled ourselves that we were on the Lord's work, and he would provide. He tied his handkerchief over the rent, and we went and preached to the people. That night we lodged with Brother Samuel Wilson, whose wife presented Brother Dooley a pair of homespun linen pantaloons.

We separated awhile, to preach to the frontier settlers scattered abroad. One day as I was riding slowly along a small track to an appointment at night I was passing by a small hut, when a woman ran out and called to me. I stopped my horse. She told me she had heard

me preach on yesterday, and with a heavenly countenance she thanked God for it; "for," said she, "the Lord has blessed my soul. Will you stop and baptize me?" "Yes," said I, "gladly will I do it." I dismounted and walked into the cottage. "Oh," said she, "will you wait till I send for my sister, a short distance off? She was with me yesterday, and the Lord has blessed her, too. She wants also to be baptized." "Oh, yes," said I, "I will gladly wait." She quickly dispatched a little boy to call her husband from the field near the house, and to tell the sister to come. In the meantime she was busy preparing dinner for me. It was no doubt the best she had, but such as I had never seen before. I never more thankfully, more happily and more heartily dined. The husband soon came in, and the wife beckoned him out and informed him of her intention of being baptized. He obstinately opposed it. In tears and distress she informed me. I talked mildly with him of the impropriety of his conduct, and at length gained his consent. Her countenance brightened with joy, and her sister, *nobile par*, came. We went down to Deer Creek, about fifty yards from the house, where I immersed them. They rose from the water praising God aloud. A happier scene I never witnessed. The husband looked like death.

I proceeded to my appointment at Brother Forgue Graham's The house was full to overflowing. I preached, and great was the effect. After preaching I invited such as wished to be baptized to come forward. A good number came forward, among the first of whom was the husband who had just before so obstinately opposed his wife's baptism. He had walked seven miles to the night meeting. The house was near the bank of the same creek; the moon shone brightly. We went

down to and into the water, where I baptized a number of happy persons. It was a solemn scene. With reluctance the people returned home late at night.

It was a very common thing at that time for many on the frontiers, men, women and children, to walk six or seven miles to a night meeting. The darkest nights did not prevent them, for as they came to meeting they tied up bundles of hickory bark and left them by the way at convenient distances apart; on their return they lighted these bundles, which afforded them a pleasant walk. Many have I baptized at night by the light of these torches.

One day, after having preached, I started alone to another appointment. On my way a gentleman, who was returning home from the same meeting, came up; we rode on together. I introduced the subject of religion, which I found not to be disagreeable to him, though he was not a professor. I urged him by many arguments to a speedy return to the Lord. His mind, I saw, was troubled, and vacillating as to his choice of life or death. At length we came to a clear, running stream; he said, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" I instantly replied in Philip's language: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." He said: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and am determined hereafter to be his servant." Without anything more, we alighted, and I baptized him. We rode on in our wet clothes till our ways parted.

CHAPTER X.

A. Campbell appears—Visits Kentucky—His character and views—In 1826 Elder Stone commences the publication of the *Christian Messenger*—In 1832 John T. Johnson became associated with Elder Stone as co-editor of the *Messenger*—Continued in that connection till B. W. Stone removed to Illinois—They succeeded in uniting the churches in Kentucky, whose members had been invidiously called "Stonettes" and "Campbellites"—In 1834 B. W. Stone removes to Jacksonville, Illinois—Effects a union there between those called Christians and Reformers.

Since the union of the Baptist Association, as stated in the last chapter, nothing worthy of particular note occurred till the period when Alexander Campbell, of Virginia, appeared, and caused a great excitement on the subject of religion in Kentucky and other States. "Some said, He is a good man; but others said, Nay; for he deceiveth the people." When he came into Kentucky, I heard him often in public and in private. I was pleased with his manner and matter. I saw no distinctive feature between the doctrine he preached and that which we had preached for many years, except on baptism for remission of sins. Even this I had once received and taught, as before stated, but had strangely let it go from my mind, till Brother Campbell revived it afresh. I thought then that he was not sufficiently explicit on the influences of the Spirit, which led many honest Christians to think he denied them. Had he been as explicit then, as since, many honest souls would have been still with us, and would have greatly aided the good cause. In a few things I dissented from him, but was agreed to disagree.

I will not say there are no faults in Brother Camp-

bell; but that there are fewer, perhaps, in him than any man I know on earth; and over these few my love would throw a veil, and hide them from view forever. I am constrained, and willingly constrained, to acknowledge him the greatest promoter of this Reformation of any man living. The Lord reward him!

In the year 1826 I commenced a periodical called the *Christian Messenger*. I had a good patronage, and labored hard to make the work useful and acceptable. After continuing the work for six years, Brother John T. Johnson became united as co-editor, in which relation we continued harmoniously for two years, when the editorial connection was dissolved by my removal to Illinois. The work I still continued in Illinois, with short intervals, to the present year, 1843.

Just before Brother Johnson and myself united as co-editors of the *Christian Messenger*, Alexander Campbell, of Virginia, had caused a great excitement in Kentucky, as well as in other States, on the subject of religion. He had received a complete education in Scotland, and became a preacher in the straitest sect of Presbyterians. In early life he had immigrated into America, and, under conviction that the immersion of believers only was baptism, he joined the Baptists. Not contented to be circumscribed in their system of religion, by close application to the Bible he became convinced that he had received many doctrines unauthorized by Scripture, and contrary to them, and therefore relinquished them for those more Scriptural. He boldly determined to take the Bible alone for his standard of faith and practice, to the exclusion of all other books as authoritative. He argued that the Bible presented sufficient evidence of its truth to sinners, to enable them to believe it, and sufficient motives to induce them to obey

it—that until they believed and obeyed the gospel, in vain they expected salvation, pardon and the Holy Spirit —that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.

These truths we had proclaimed and reiterated through the length and breadth of the land, from the press and from the pulpit, many years before A. Campbell and his associates came upon the stage as aids of the good cause. Their aid gave a new impetus to the Reformation which was in progress, especially among the Baptists in Kentucky; and the doctrine spread and greatly increased in the West. The only distinguishing doctrine between us and them was, that they preached baptism for the remission of sins to believing penitents. This doctrine had not generally obtained amongst us, though some few had received it, and practiced accordingly. They insisted also upon weekly communion, which we had neglected. It was believed by many, and feared by us, that they were not sufficiently explicit on the influences of the Spirit. Many unguarded things were spoken and written by them on this subject, calculated to excite the suspicions and fears of the people, that no other influence was needed than that in the written Word; therefore, to pray to God for help was vain. The same thing had been objected to us long before, and with plausibility, too; for we also had been unguarded in our expressions. In private conversation with these brethren our fears were removed, for our views were one.

Among others of the Baptists, who received, and zealously advocated the teaching of A. Campbell, was John T. Johnson, than whom there is not a better man. We lived together in Georgetown, and labored and worshiped together. We plainly saw that we were on the

same foundation, in the same spirit, and preached the same gospel. We agreed to unite our energies to effect a union between our different societies. This was easily effected in Kentucky; and, in order to confirm this union, we became co-editors of the *Christian Messenger*. This union, I have no doubt, would have been as easily effected in other States as in Kentucky, had there not been a few ignorant, headstrong bigots on both sides, who were more influenced to retain and augment their party, than to save the world by uniting according to the prayer of Jesus. Some irresponsible zealots among the Reformers, so called, would publicly and zealously contend against sinners praying, or that professors should pray for them; they spurned the idea that preachers should pray that God would assist them in declaring his truth to the people; they rejected from Christianity all who were not baptized for the remission of sins, and who did not observe the weekly communion, and many such doctrines they preached. The old Christians, who were unacquainted with the preachers of information amongst us, would naturally conclude these to be the doctrines of us all; and they rose up in opposition to us all, representing our religion as a spiritless, prayerless religion, and dangerous to the souls of men. They ran to the opposite extreme in Ohio and in the Eastern States. I blame not the Christians for opposing such doctrines; but I do blame the more intelligent among them, that they did not labor to allay those prejudices of the people by teaching them the truth, and not to cherish them, as many of them did in their periodicals and public preaching. Nor were they only blamable; some of the Reformers are equally worthy of blame, by rejecting the name Christian, as a family name, because the old Christians had taken it before them. At this

posterity will wonder, when they know that the sentiment was published in one of our most popular periodicals, and by one in the highest standing among us.

It is not wonderful that the prejudices of the old Christian Church should be great against us, and that they should so unkindly upbraid me especially, and my brethren in Kentucky, for uniting with the Reformers. But what else could we do, the Bible being our directory? Should we command them to leave the foundation on which we stood—the Bible alone—when they had come upon the same? By what authority could we command? Or should we have left this foundation to them and have built another? Or should we have remained and fought with them for the sole possession? They held the name Christian as sacred as we did, they were equally averse from making opinions the test of fellowship, and equally solicitous for the salvation of souls. This union I view as the noblest act of my life.

In the fall of 1834, I moved my family to Jacksonville, Illinois. Here I found two churches—a Christian and Reformers' church. They worshiped in separate places. I refused to unite with either until they united together, and labored to effect it. It was effected. I never suffered myself to be so blinded by prejudice in favor of or against any that I could not see their excellencies or defects. I have seen wrongs in the Reformers, and in the old Christians, and in candor have protested against them. This has exposed me to the darts of both sides.

Since my removal to Illinois, you, my children, can remember all that transpired worthy of notice. You know that I was stricken with paralysis in August, 1841, from which time I have remained a cripple, and must so continue till relieved by the resurrection to immortality.

PARTIAL VIEW OF THE MODEL FARM OF BOURBON COUNTY. CANE RIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.

SKETCH OF DAVID PURVIANCE*

By WILLIAM ROGERS

David Purviance selected for his future home a small tract of land about three miles south of Cane Ridge meeting-house. The spot he selected was doubtless a fertile one, but when contemplated in the wilderness state in which he found it, the prospect for living was gloomy in the extreme. Covered thickly with tall trees of forest growth, the ash, the sugar-tree, the walnut, locust, and other varieties common to that quarter of the country, superadded to these a solid brake of tall cane, so thick as to be almost impervious to man or beast, covered the whole face of the surrounding country.

We have said the prospect for a living from the picture given was rather dreary and forbidding. David Purviance had no slaves to work for him, for from early and fixed principles he was opposed to the institution of slavery.

His fate is now sealed. He must either work hard or he must starve. He cheerfully and like a Christian philosopher (as doubtless he was) chose the former. He

*NOTE.—From the biography of David Purviance, edited by his son, Elder Levi Purviance, Dayton, Ohio, in 1848. (Pp. 16 to 45.)

There is no man living better qualified to give the following sketch than Brother Rogers. He was a young man and lived a close neighbor to David Purviance at the time he served in the State Legislature of Kentucky. There are many aged men yet living who will corroborate his statements.

The subject-matter of this paper is so much of history regained and restored. All Kentucky histories are silent on this theme.—J. R. ROGERS.

went to work with his own hands, he handled the implements of husbandry, he cleared off a spot, and erected a cabin for a habitation. Next, he cleared and reclaimed from its wild state ground sufficient to raise a supply for his family and flocks. Here in rural pursuits he passed several years in great contentment and obscurity. He was never disposed to seek an occasion to make himself known at any stage of life. That kind of ambition was never an occupant of the bosom of the great and good Purviance. True, he was intellectually competent to any station, but it is equally true that he was the most meek, unambitious and unpretending of the race of man.

But to our narrative. Mr. Purviance lived and labored on upon his few acres, unnoticed and unknown, until early in the year 1795; during that year, memorable in the history of his life, we shall now proceed to record some events that occurred that must forever interest the friends of David Purviance, and render his memory dear, very dear indeed, to his posterity.

Little did the master spirits of that day, who ruled and shaped the legislation of Kentucky as best suited their policy and purpose, suspect, as they beheld this humble Cane Ridge farmer, in the garb of a laborer, sweating beneath the rays of a burning sun—little did they dream, as they moved about in splendor and beheld the man we have described, that he was destined in a short time to arrest them in their uncheckered career, and wrest from their hands some of their dearest measures, which, by their sagacity and management in the halls of the legislature, had been brought to bear injuriously and oppressively upon the country.

One or two of the most obnoxious of the measures in question it will be necessary, for the reader of the present day, to have explained. At the session of 1792 a

SEAT OF THE MODEL FARMER—JOHN H. ROSEBERRY.

law had been passed giving original jurisdiction to the Court of Appeals in all cases respecting the titles of lands. At the same session the court called Oyer and Terminer was also established, and had exclusive jurisdiction in all cases where the penalty of the offence extended to life or limb. These courts held their sittings twice a year, and only at the seat of government, which made it extremely inconvenient, expensive, and indeed oppressive, to the citizens to attend them. To the poor occupant of the disputed lands it was in many instances ruinous, while the felons of the country mostly escaped unwhipped of justice; for it was rare to procure the attendance of prosecutors, witnesses, etc., at so great a distance and at such sacrifice of time and money.

Very few were interested in a continuance of the laws in question, except a band of eminent lawyers, who at the time held an extensive and lucrative practice in the courts in question, and who, unfortunately for the country, controlled, to a great extent, the legislative action of the State.

The people, however, became restless under such misrule, and, as early as the session of 1795, the original jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals in said cases, which had been found upon practice to be so expensive and mischievous, was repealed, and the court of Oyer and Terminer was abolished. This, however, only tended to increase the excitement on the part of the lawyers in question, and they at once put in requisition all their talents and influence to revive these laws, and a fierce contest grew up between the court party and the people, which was kept alive for several years.

When the election of 1797 began to approach, much interest was manifested through the whole country upon this deeply interesting question; and as the canvass for

members to the Legislature began to open, great anxiety was evinced on the part of the people to have men of the right stamp brought forward. This was particularly the case in Bourbon.

This county, if not in advance, was certainly as forward as any other in the work of reform, and she determined to have suitable individuals for candidates.

Gentlemen of the bar were most objectionable, as to that source the people attributed the mischiefs complained of; still, it was considered by the more sagacious that men capable of the advocacy of their cause should be brought forward. To this end, Wm. Garrard, Jr., a young lawyer of high promise, and then but recently embarked in the practice at Paris, was solicited to become a candidate; the more especially as he was known to be sound in respect to the measures complained of. He, moreover, was a son of James Garrard, who was then Governor of the State. He consented to run, and engaged in the canvass.

David Purviance, of Cane Ridge, to his surprise, was very strongly urged by members of his county to become a candidate. He at length agreed to do so, provided he could make the canvass without the degrading practice, then so prevalent among candidates, of treating for votes. His friends, although they approved his views in this respect, doubted his success unless he would yield, but this he firmly refused to do. But he, nevertheless, declared himself, and at once engaged in the canvass. There were now about a dozen candidates before the people, six only to be elected, that being the number of members in the lower branch of the Legislature to which Bourbon was entitled. The election came off in April, 1797. David Purviance, William Garrard, Jr., James Smith, Charles Smith, Robert Wilmot and John Grigg

were elected, but as our business is with the two former, the latter, although highly worthy men, will not again be referred to.

There was a called session of the Legislature in November, which, however, was continued on to the regular session, and altogether was the longest one, it is believed, ever held in Kentucky.

The house was, at the commencement, organized by the appointment of Edmund Bullock speaker, and in due time proceeded to the regular business of the session. John Breckenridge, an eminent lawyer and statesman of rare abilities, was a member from the county of Fayette. For some days he seemed to be the animating spirit of the house, and shaped and guided its action as best suited his taste and wishes. None thwarted his plans, none attacked his position, or dared to enter with him the arena of debate. He held for the time an unchecked reign over the movements of the house; but this order of things was now to be interrupted. At the proper stage, as seemed to Mr. Breckinridge, he introduced a bill to revive the criminal court of Oyer and Terminer, and after a slight speech in its advocacy obtained leave to take it up on a given day. This was a measure of weighty consideration, particularly with the two young members from Bourbon, Mr. Purviance and Mr. Garrard, who had been elected mainly in the hope of their successful opposition to that measure. Little else was talked of among members until the day for its discussion arrived.

When that day had arrived, Mr. Breckinridge, true to his purpose, rose in advocacy of this his favorite measure; for it must be noticed that at the time the court in question was abolished he enjoyed the most extensive practice in it, perhaps, of any gentleman of the bar in

Kentucky. He began his speech, and continued it in a manner so strong, argumentative and pathetic as greatly to excite, and indeed alarm, his opponents. His speech was not only eloquent, fervent and imposing, but very lengthy; for when the hour for the evening's adjournment arrived, he gave way, with leave to conclude the next day.

During his speech, the opponents of his bill were in hopeless despair; they were alarmed at the expected result. That night little was talked of by the members and numerous spectators but the wonderful speech of the mighty orator, Mr. Breckinridge. And the interesting inquiry went the rounds of who would dare a reply. A momentous question this, not readily answered. No member was to be found who was willing to hazard himself in so perilous a battle. Nay, the risk was too daring, too adventurous.

That night, for the first time, Garrard, in reply to Breckinridge, paid a visit to Mr. Purviance at his room, and his first salutation was, "Bourbon will look for a speech to-morrow, and you, Purviance, must make it."

"I entirely agree with you," responded Purviance, "that Bourbon will look for a speech, but differ entirely as to who shall make it. You, Mr. Garrard, are a lawyer, and have been elected in the confident expectation of your opposition, in a speech, to the bill now before the house, and should you fail to do so, no apology will atone to your constituents for the delinquency."

These words of Purviance, spoken in truth and much candor, hung as a millstone about the neck of Garrard, for he felt their weight.

During their interview, each insisted upon the other to make the speech, but neither would promise even to try. After Garrard retired, Purviance felt himself to be

in a strait. He looked at consequences. Should the looked-for speech not be forthcoming on the ensuing day, the result would be disastrous, and what was of greater consequence to the country by far, a mischievous measure would again be fastened on the people.

And what did Purviance do? Did he fold his arms in idle and hopeless despair? No, that was not his character. What then, did he do? Why, he did, in this trying exigency, precisely as he had done at the dense forest and canebrake a few years before—he went to work. He summoned to his aid the resources of a mind that rarely lost anything worthy of retention; he prepared as best he could, for the next day's battle, provided he should be forced to fight. From his best recollection of Mr. Breckinridge's unfinished speech he noted his outlines of argument, and that same night, ere he slept, he pondered well a speech which he then thought he might be compelled to make.

On the meeting of the house the next day, Mr. Breckinridge resumed his speech, and was, from the commencement to the conclusion, strong and imposing. He set forth in terms argumentative and persuasive, the many reasons he entertained in favor of the bill for the revival of the court of Oyer and Terminer. That court, he said, had been sustained by the long usage and approval of Virginia, the parent commonwealth from whence Kentucky had derived her criminal code, and it had been a dangerous experiment to abolish it. His zeal, his pathos and unsurpassed powers for debate were now all brought to bear upon the subject now before him. Deeply was he interested in the success of the bill, and it may be he thought the good of the country required its re-enactment. Be this as it may, he was never known to be more able in debate than on the occasion in ques-

tion. Mr. Breckinridge's concluding remarks, it is said, were in a high degree alarming to the enemies of the bill.

With a look of defiance, and in tones of assured victory, he closed his two days' speech, much to the satisfaction of his friends, but to the great alarm and discomfiture of his adversaries, for they were struck aghast by the mighty efforts of the veteran orator.

And now followed a scene worthy the pencil of the most exquisite painter. Silence profound, painfully perplexing, pervaded the whole house; looks, eagerly anxious and portentous, were interchanged by the adversaries of the measure under discussion. But its friends were in secret triumph; still no word was uttered, no reply was offered. No opposer of the bill rose up against it. All were dismayed.

At length, Mr. Garrard arose, but not for a speech. He passed over the entire floor to where his friend Purviance was seated, and, seizing him by the arm, he exclaimed: "Do you make a speech, Purviance, for I can not." He turned on his heel, retraced his steps, and took his seat.

Purviance now had no choice left him; he must make a speech, or all would doubtless be lost. The array before him was most fearful. It was enough to dismay the most accustomed and undaunted speaker. Not only the members, but a vast assemblage of spectators, had been attracted to the house to witness the speech of Mr. Breckinridge, and were all looking with intense interest to see who would be courageous enough to dare a reply.

None, it will be readily supposed, thought the plain and unpretending Purviance, clad in simple homespun, modestly seated at his table, unnoticed and unknown, was the man now destined to this fearful task. He had now

become willing to make a speech, but how to perform it he "found not." His heart, it is true, was inditing a good matter, but, alas! his tongue was not "as the pen of a ready writer."

But he had resolved to try himself on this interesting, and, to his country, important, occasion; and David Purviance was not the man to form a good resolve and not perform it. Now came the moment of trial.

By a mighty effort he arose and addressed himself to the Speaker of the house. All eyes were turned towards him, some in pity, all in astonishment. None had ever heard him before in debate, for this was his debut—his first speech. Few, indeed, of his auditors knew until that moment that there lived on earth such a man as they now saw before them, essaying to make a speech in reply to Mr. Breckinridge. His manner and gesture were extremely awkward and unbecoming, compared with the highly accomplished gentleman who had just preceded him. Mr. Purviance was so embarrassed, so confused for a short time as to be much at a loss for language suited for the deep thoughts that were agitating his profound mind.

His friends were now more than ever disheartened and discouraged at the unpromising prospect before them. His young colleague, Mr. Garrard, was in deep despair; he was indeed as one without hope. But if the opponents of the bill were in gloom, its friends were in secret triumph, for they now looked on its passage as certain.

Their emotions and their expectations were but of a short-lived character, for very soon the whole scene was changed. Mr. Purviance suddenly freed himself from his embarrassment, and evinced to that wondering assemblage that he needed not the decorations of tailors, of

velvets and of broadcloths to recommend him; that he stood, panoplied in the greatness of his mind, the undaunted champion of right principles. And now with much circumspection he proceeded to the accomplishment of the weighty task assigned him. With great deliberation, Mr. Purviance now took from the table his notes of Mr. Breckinridge's speech, and, casting his eye over them, he, as by inspiration, reviewed the whole ground of debate, and intuitively moved forward in the execution of his purpose. His reply to Mr. Breckinridge was made in the same logical order in which it had been delivered by that sound rhetorician.

His style was simple, plain and clear. His address so natural, so humble, so unassuming as to captivate and charm his whole audience. His friends had now the heart to begin to look up, and as he advanced he became clearer and stronger. He stripped the arguments of his adversary of the false glare cast around them by the wily orator, and with a ponderous hand he pulverized the foundations on which they had been based. At this crisis in his speech the friends of Mr. Purviance could scarce restrain themselves from outbursts of applause.

As to his friend, Mr. Garrard, though a man of much gravity, yet such were the emotions of his mind that as by magic he was attracted nearer and nearer the speaker, and ere he closed he was planted at the side of Mr. Purviance, animating and cheering him onward, by his every look and gesture, to the mighty onslaught upon the veteran debater, Mr. Breckinridge.

[Note.—More than twenty-five years after the debate between Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Purviance, the latter, in a conversation with the writer, remarked that the opportune manner of his colleague, Mr. William Garrard, on that occasion helped him much. He knew him

to be a competent judge of the merits of the speech he was then essaying to make, and the hearty manner in which he approbated it, by his very look and gesture, inspired him with a confidence that made his speech longer and better, as he believed, than otherwise it would have been.

Such was the innate modesty of Mr. Purviance that he rarely mentioned his political performance to any one, and to none but very particular friends. Had he been more free in this respect, his political history would have been more full. For it will be remembered there were no reporters of speeches in the Kentucky Legislature at that day, and the journals are in manuscript.

The writer addressed a letter to Mr. Purviance, some months previous to his death, requesting of him an epitome of his public life. In reply to that request, he gave some encouragement to hope for such a document. But it is quite probable he suspected it might be used in commendation of himself, and therefore declaimed preparing it; at any rate, be that as it may, none was furnished: and his oldest son, L. Purviance, who has the care of his papers, informs the writer no paper of that character is found by him among the writings of his decease father.]

Mr. Purviance now closed this his first speech, which he had delivered with a clearness, a fairness rarely witnessed. His skill, his logic and astuteness in debate had been so striking, so strong and perspicacious as to astonish to admiration the whole audience. What was still better and of greater consequence to the commonwealth, it fixed a conviction on the minds of the members of the house not to be shaken. Nay, more, Mr. Breckinridge himself was wholly disappointed, and indeed greatly astonished, to find Mr Purviance so thor-

oughly informed on a subject which he had supposed him to be entirely ignorant of.

Mr. Purviance took his seat, amid the plaudits and the heart-cheering congratulations of his friends.

Mr. Breckinridge again arose, and, we regret to record, was guilty of an indecorum unworthy his great fame. He could not conceal the chagrin he felt from the sound drubbing he had gotten from the hands of the young plebeian; it was more than he could patiently bear. And in place of terms respectful and complimentary to Mr. Purviance for the possession of powers for debate, such as he had exhibited, he in expressions rude and unkind alluded to the humbleness and obscurity of the life and fortunes of Mr. P.; alleging that it was impertinent and presuming for one so obscure and wholly withdrawn from the walks of public life, so unskilled in the jurisprudence of the State, as he was, to assail, in the manner he had done, the policy and measures of one so aged and so skilled in this respect as himself; and that he would not trouble himself or detain the house by arguments in reply to a speech from such a quarter.

Mr. Purviance again arose, and in much composure said he admitted to the utmost extent the truth of Mr. Breckinridge's allusions to his poverty and obscurity; that hitherto his life had been passed in entire seclusion from the theater of public men and measures; that his days had been engaged in the culture of a little farm to provide for the wants of his growing family; and that to the wealth, the honors and blandishments of life, with which Mr. Breckinridge was surrounded, he could never aspire. In these advantages that gentleman was far in advance of his humble pretensions. Nevertheless, he had supposed that in his character of representative of a free and independent constituency he had the right to discuss

any measure, or oppose any bill, introduced before that house, provided he did so in a manner respectful to the house and rules of debate. These remarks he made with such candor and meekness, with such kindness and forbearance, as started a tear from many an eye. Mr. Breckinridge found himself to be so signally rebuked that he rose in apology, which calmed the excited feelings of the friends of Mr. Purviance. As to himself, he had no grievances to be atoned for. If the audience had, a few moments before, been astonished to admiration at Mr. Purviance's powers in debate, they were now overwhelmed at the unexampled kindness and forbearance of the Christian philanthropist.

The bill of Mr. B. was now put to vote, and was rejected by a signal majority.

[NOTE.—Col. Samuel Burke, of Cumberland County, Kentucky, a man of excellent sense, but one who it seems did not think (of himself) more highly than he ought to think, was accustomed, in his day, to tell occasionally the following anecdote.

I was first elected a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives in the spring of 1797. The session met in November of that year, and in a very short time after the house had been organized, and was progressing with the business of the commonwealth, I became convinced that I had mistaken my proper vocation, when I left the walks of private life and turned lawmaker. And I thought I saw other members also who had as little business there as myself. Of this class there were, as I thought, a goodly number.

But David Purviance, from Bourbon, and a Mr. Wm. Haycraft, from one of the southern counties of Kentucky, I took to be two members peculiarly defective in respect to qualifications for the station in which we were

then unluckily found. But it must be remembered, I knew them not, and formed my opinion from external appearances only. I played Lavater, but how well is to be seen, said Mr. Burke.

I was fond of companions, but chose to associate with none but my equals. These two new friends, I made sure, would suit me in that respect, and I would seek an intimacy, mainly for the reason that they were, as legislators, at least as deficient as myself.

Well, I did so, and things went on pretty much to my notion for some week or two. It is true at times I began to distrust Purviance a little, but on the whole considered him safe; no danger of his deceiving me. Billy Haycraft I never doubted, for he never gave me the least cause to suspect him; and why should I? But as all sublunary hopes are liable to disappointment, so my expected reliance on my two companions, as every way qualified for my society, at least so far as Mr. P. was concerned, was suddenly and forever defeated.

That renowned statesman, John Breckinridge, then a member of the house from Fayette, introduced an important and favorite bill, which he advocated in a powerful and imposing speech. When he had closed, and taken his seat, no member seemed courageous enough to venture a reply For a few moments all was anxiety. Nothing was heard. But in the midst of the deep silence and suspense, who should arise to reply to Mr. B. but Mr. P., a man of my own sort, as I had supposed.

The whole audience, members and lookers-on, were much surprised. As to myself, I was thunderstruck. I was truly at a loss what to think of the poor man; first I was vexed, then I pitied him, for I thought him harmless, and was grieved that he should in so signal a manner expose his weakness. But it was all a mistake, for

soon he showed himself capable for the exigency. He deliberately went ahead, and delivered the best speech of the session, and sent Mr. B.'s bill adrift; for it was rejected by acclamation.

Well, I was rejoiced at Mr. P.'s success, but still I was left in a worse fix than ever; none to console me now but Mr. Haycraft, for Mr. Purviance, it was demonstrably clear, had deserted our ranks forever, and placed himself where we could never approach him.

But it is due to that worthy man, Billy Haycraft, for such in truth he was, to say that he never deceived me; he abided faithful. He and I served together through that session, and three others in succession, and he proved himself to the last to be just the man I had taken him for on first sight.]

The facts on which the foregoing anecdote is founded were furnished to the author of it by Wm. Mitchell, Esq., an old colleague, from Bourbon, of Mr. P. for a number of sessions. Mr. Mitchell now resides in the county of Lewis, in Kentucky, which latter county he has also represented in the State Legislature. In his letter to the writer, dated May 4, 1848, Mr. Mitchell says: "I considered Mr. P., as a legislator, equal to any man of his day. He mastered any subject he undertook. And as a citizen and a Christian, he was surpassed by none." The attempt to revive the original jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals, in respect to suits for lands was also repealed at the same session of the Legislature, and thus fell prostrate in the dust, a second time, these expensive and mischievous measures in the legislation of the country; and although half a century ago, they have never shown the slightest signs of returning life, demonstrating beyond question that the obscure farmer of Cane Ridge, and not the astute lawyer of Fayette, best understood and appre-

ciated the wishes and true policy of the people. Now for the first time in the history of the young commonwealth were the great body of the community, the farmers, able to claim from their own ranks a champion in every way fitted to guide and defend their true interests. Such a man was David Purviance. He was honest and capable for any exigency, as he proved himself to be on many occasions during that and subsequent sessions of the Legislature. Although a plain farmer, Mr. P. was, a few days after his debate with Mr. B., added to the committee of courts of justice; a high compliment this, and illustrative of the repute in which he was held.

During the whole course of his legislative history in Kentucky he was one of the most attentive members of the House of Representatives. From an entire perusal of the old manuscript journals of the sessions of 1797-8, the name of David Purviance is found recorded on every call of the ayes and noes.

Himself and Breckinridge were continued as members of the house, during several sessions after the one in question, and their intercourse was frank and respectful. Purviance always spoke of Mr Breckinridge as a great and safe statesman.

Felix Grundy, whose fame as a lawyer, jurist and statesman of eminent ability has now been before the public for half a century, was, as early as the session of 1796, a member of the Legislature, from Washington County, in the southern part of Kentucky. Mr. Breckinridge was also a member. He, as has been stated, was from the county of Fayette, in the northern section of the State.

At the session the Green River settlers, as they were styled, forwarded a petition to the Legislature, praying indulgence for the installments there due the common-

wealth for lands they had purchased from the Government. Mr Grundy from the first espoused their cause, and was soon styled the southern or Green River champion. Mr. B. opposed the indulgence asked for, and he in turn was dubbed the northern champion.

During that session, and many a subsequent one, the subject of Green River relief was agitated in the house, and many fierce encounters in debate between the two champions happened, Grundy generally the victor. When Purviance became a member in 1797, as has been stated, he found the petitioners before the house, and witnessed the debates of Mr. Grundy and Mr. B. upon the merits of their case. Mr. P. took no share in the debates, but as the settlers were generally poor, and money hard to be obtained, he voted with Mr. Grundy for the relief prayed for.

But at length, at the session of 1799, Mr. Grundy introduced a bill, for relief in behalf of the settlers, so objectionable as to determine Purviance, should it become necessary, to oppose it. It was hotly combated between the two champions for several days, Grundy as usual victorious.

Purviance now saw that, unless checked from some other quarter, Grundy would, as usual, succeed in getting his bill successfully through the house. But as himself and Grundy were on the best of terms, and moreover had usually gone together in respect to the subject in question, he resolved on a private conference, in which he urged on Mr. Grundy to make an amendment so as to make his bill more palatable. Mr. Grundy listened with respectful attention to the proposed amendment of his friend Purviance, but was unwilling to yield, the more especially as he was sanguine, from what so far had taken place in the discussion, that he would be able to

get his measure passed in its present shape, and the conference ended.

But when the bill was next brought up by Mr. Grundy for further debate, Purviance moved to adopt his amendment, which was stoutly resisted by Mr. Grundy, and an animated debate sprang up between them, and at length the amendment of Purviance was adopted by a slight majority.

Grundy felt himself somewhat disappointed; this was what he was not accustomed to. But, as a man of great resource, he bethought himself of a remedy, as he supposed, for the defeat he had sustained, and at once sought to avail himself of the expedient; it was to procure an amendment to the amendment of Purviance.

This amendment of Mr. Grundy was so cunningly shaped as to nullify the amendment of Purviance if accepted. But the latter had the sagacity to perceive the snare laid for him, and he attacked and exposed the maneuver without gloves; and after a spirited debate it was rejected by an increased majority Mr. G. was now not only disappointed, but vexed. He had not found it thus when he had done battle with Breckinridge.

Though perplexed, he was not in despair. Mr. Grundy was not the man for despair, but expedients, and he now resorted to one rare indeed. Contrary to usage, he asked, and obtained leave, to withdraw his bill, with the amendment of Purviance appended. This accomplished, he, to the surprise of the house, came forward in a few days with a bill entirely new; at any rate, the heading and verbiage was new, if the former substance was retained. The head, or preamble, of the new bill was remarkable for its plausibility, be its provisions what they might; and his introductory speech in its behalf was of a very soothing and specious character.

Mr. Purviance had now become wearied with this management of his friend, Mr. Grundy, and he arose in a speech against it as soon as the latter took his seat.

At the commencement he was rather humorous, a thing very unusual with him, being a man of great gravity; this, however, but served to increase the humor. The head of his friend's new bill, he said, was a most beautiful and captivating production—its eloquence, too, so persuasive as to be almost irresistible. For these and many other reasons that might be urged he should be glad, he remarked, to preserve it alive, if indeed it could survive the dissolution of the corrupt and diseased body to which it was allied. Should that, however, be impracticable, then it must submit to its fate, for the body of the bill was too loathsome to be preserved.

Having indulged in these innocent and playful remarks, Mr. Purviance assumed his wonted earnestness, and proceeded in his attack upon the bill of Mr. Grundy with a force and perspicuity so clear and convincing as to result in its immediate rejection by a still greater majority. Now defeated at every point, Mr. Grundy became quite in a bad humor, a thing very unusual for him. That evening he visited Col. James Garrard, who was then Governor of Kentucky. He soon perceived that Mr. Grundy was in an unpleasant mood, and the following dialogue took place between them.

"What, Felix! has Breckinridge whipped you to-day, that you appear to be in a pet?"

"Breckinridge, indeed!" replied Mr. Grundy: "you of the north speaking of him as your champion; but I regard him not. I have battled with him many a time! nay, more, have often thrashed him soundly."

"Pray tell me, then," said the Governor, "who has drubbed you, Felix, for some one has I know?"

"Ah! Governor," said Mr. Grundy, "you pride yourself in Mr. Breckinridge as a mighty man of war; but I repeat, I fear him but little; he is not hard to defeat. But you have another man there, from the North. Withdraw him from the arena of combat, and I will measure arms with your Breckinridge, and have no fears for the result."

"Tell me, do tell me, Felix," replied the Governor, "who that can be. I thought you dreaded no member of the house but Breckinridge."

"Dread!" said Mr. Grundy, "I told you I dreaded him not. Breckinridge has no alarm for me. But as you seem desirous to know the man to whom I allude, I will tell you. It is the plain farmer from your own county of Bourbon, David Purviance."

"Davy Purviance! Why, Felix, you surprise me! Some fair Delilah has doubtless shorn you of your strength, that you let Davy whip you in fair fight, for he uses no foul play."

"Ah! Governor, I can explain that matter," said Mr. Grundy; "there is a dead majority of the house that go for Purviance, yea or nay, in all his measures; not only so, but would swear that all he advocates must be sustained as right, just what the country needs; and, on the contrary, whatever he opposes should be rejected without much delay, by debate; especially should Breckinridge or myself chance to be the opponent."

"Thank God," said the Governor, "for the pleasing intelligence you give me, Felix; it augurs well for the country, it betokens a healthy condition of the functions of the government, and, moreover, promises success to my administration of its concerns."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Grundy.

"Davy Purviance," said the Governor, "is an honest

man, and an able and upright legislator; and I repeat it, I thank God that a majority of the members have the wisdom to perceive it, and the honesty and independence to sustain him. Davy Purviance has no selfish objects or ends to achieve. He goes for his country and the best interests of the commonwealth. And these are my honest opinions of the man, of his motives and of his merits; and you, Felix, I know, will unite with me in the declaration of their truth."

Here Mr. Grundy became entirely relaxed in his feelings, and freely gave place to his honest convictions, and heartily concurred in opinion with the Governor that David Purviance was the great and good man that he had represented him to be. And as the Governor had uniformly approved of reasonable relief to the settlers, he recommended to Mr. Grundy, before they separated, to seek a conference with Mr. Purviance, and for them to agree on a suitable bill to be passed for their benefit. Mr. Grundy did so, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged on behalf of the settlers.

The foregoing anecdote was related to the writer by the Governor himself the summer before his death. None need doubt the truth. In the same conversation the Governor remarked that he had always considered it a real loss to Kentucky that Mr. Purviance had retired from the legislative counsels of the State for other pursuits, as he had long known that he was one of the most able, efficient and faithful members he had ever known during the years he had served as Governor of the commonwealth. Mr. Garrard further added that Mr. Purviance had the unshaken confidence of the house during the whole time he was a member; that he rarely shared in the debates on minor or local questions. Such only as were of general interest commanded his notice. And

from his permanent and abiding popularity he was generally able to sustain his position in respect to measures of that character; that he was doubtless the only member of the house, from the farmer ranks, that was much feared by the legal gentlemen of that day. The latter, he said, were many of them able and honorable members; but such a man as Davy (as the old Governor familiarly called him) was quite able, and occasionally needed, to check them a little, which he did with such meekness and wisdom as to retain the respect of the lawyers themselves.

At the session of 1798, the act establishing a penitentiary was passed, which was supported by Mr. Purviance; and its existence for half a century has been approved, and is still cherished, as a wise and humane institution. At the same session was passed the law authorizing the call of a convention to revise the first constitution of Kentucky, which had been formed in the year 1792. That act was advocated by Purviance, Breckinridge and Grundy, for all three were for a revision of the constitution, but with motives totally different. Purviance and his party, in the Legislature, wished the constitution to be so amended and organized as ultimately and gradually to abolish in Kentucky the institution of slavery. Mr. Breckinridge and his friends wished the constitution amended as to many of its provisions, but were entirely averse to interfering in any way with the question of slavery, unless to rivet the chains of the bondman more securely.

At the annual election, held in the spring of the year 1798, Mr. Purviance, Governor Garrard, William Garrard, and three others on the same side, were candidates in Bourbon for a seat in the convention, these to be chosen for the purpose of amending, or rather forming, a new constitution. These gentlemen were in favor of a

plan for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Six other gentlemen were also candidates who were in favor of the institution of slavery as it then existed in Kentucky.

The canvass was truly one of much excitement, but the result was unfavorable to Mr. Purviance and his friends on the slave question. His popularity had well-nigh elected him, although Bourbon was a strong slave county. At the same election Mr. Purviance was returned a member to the House of Representatives, notwithstanding the prejudice attempted to be raised against him as an emancipator. Many noble spirits in Kentucky were with him even on that question, among them Henry Clay; but it is a fact that only one member in the State was elected as an emancipator.

Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Grundy were both chosen members of the convention that formed the present constitution of Kentucky—were both opposed to the emancipation principles—and to these two gentlemen mainly is attributed the work of the present constitution. That instrument has enjoyed an existence of now nearly half a century, but the signs of the times at present portend its certain and speedy dissolution.

Had the gradual emancipation principle contended for by Mr. Purviance been adopted by the convention, the existence of slavery in Kentucky would now be extinct. But that favorable moment for action on this interesting and imposing question was permitted to pass off without the country availing itself of the favorable action on this momentous subject then within its grasp. The question is doubtless one of great magnitude, and is at the present time greatly agitating the Union. What may be its results, time, the only sure revelator of the future, must unfold.

It may not be out of place to here offer a few facts and reflections in respect to those mighty spirits who shared so largely and acted so distinguished a part in the political scenes that so agitated the country about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century.

And, first, Mr. Breckinridge. At the session of the Legislature begun in November, 1799, we find him still a member from Fayette, and by unanimous consent chosen Speaker of the house. At the session of 1880 he received again the unanimous vote of that body for the same station. But ere the session of 1800 expired, he was by the joint concurrence of both branches of the Legislature chosen Senator of the United States, and on the 4th of March, 1801, we find him at his post in the Senate Chamber ready to aid Mr. Jefferson, when first inducted into office as President of the United States, in conducting the Government back to true republicanism.

The next year Mr. Breckinridge received from Mr. Jefferson the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States, and of course was a member of Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet. He had now ascended the ladder of fame, almost to its topmost rung; had sustained among sages and patriotic statesmen his highest stand and with a firm hold. With the President he was a great favorite. But alas for worldly renown! Death, in the height of his earthly glory, touches the bubble and it breaks. The next news that is heralded abroad notifies the admirers of this truly great statesman that he has exchanged his seat in the Cabinet for a lodgment in the grave. He died in December, 1806, at the vigorous and manly age of forty-six years.

Colonel Garrard continued in the office of Governor to the end of his second term, which expired in September, 1804, and then retired to his county-seat, in Bourbon

County, a few miles below Paris, on Stoner, where he spent the evening of his life in tranquility and was much respected. His colloquial qualities were both entertaining and instructive, and, possessing an ample fortune, he received and entertained in good and welcome style the numerous friends he had made in both private and public life. His old friend Purviance rarely passed him without a call.

He had long been a member of the Baptist Church, but he was not a sectarian. His piety was of a liberal and enlarged character, both in respect to his religious faith and benevolent acts. He died a Christian in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers. He departed this life January, 1822, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Grundy, at the time of removal from Kentucky to Nashville, Tennessee, or just before, was chief justice of Kentucky. He was frequently elected to Congress from Tennessee; was also Senator in Congress and Attorney-General during the administration of Mr. Van Buren. At the close of that administration he was again elected to the Senate. Mr. Grundy was also a churchman. His associations with Christians were liberal. At the time of his demise he was still a member of the United States Senate. He died about 1842 at the age of some sixty-six.

But, as our chief business is with the life of that excellent man, David Purviance, while a citizen of Kentucky, we shall close with a few brief remarks in respect to him. His last session was in 1802-3; he was a prominent actor in that body during the seven or eight sessions he served. The Lexington Insurance Company, with banking powers conferred, was a work of the session of 1802; it was opposed by Purviance. And the

evils that grew out of that institution proved a curse to the country, and at the same time evinced the sagacity of Mr. Purviance.

At the same session the district courts system was abolished, and the present circuit system of courts was enacted, and has worked well. Purviance worked hard for the circuit system, but was stoutly opposed by the court party, as it was then styled, consisting of the judges, clerks and the bar. The latter class, however, to their honor, be it noticed, aided in the good work of reforming the judiciary. The circuit courts still exist, and are popular with the community. And here closes the political life of David Purviance in Kentucky.

As early as the year 1803 he had resolved that in the future the ability with which his Maker had blessed him should be employed chiefly in preaching to his fellowmen that religion which he had found to be so precious to his own heart. If ordained to the ministry, of necessity he must decline political life in Kentucky; for the constitution inhibits that class of individuals from the halls of legislation.

But he in this respect was firmly fixed in his purpose to proclaim and enforce, to the acceptance of mankind, that Christian faith and practice which he had so long realized to be of more true and abiding value than the attainments of earth. At the time Mr. Purviance retired from the councils of the State his political character stood high. His prospects were flattering in the extreme. All this he must have been fully aware of, meek and unambitious though he might be. Yet we find he had resolved, and that was enough, as we have again witnessed in respect to this man of true and undaunted moral courage. Like Moses, he chose rather to submit to poverty, and the loss of worldly fame, with his Chris-

tian brethren, a poor and despised little band, than to enjoy in all their glory the emoluments and honors of public life and worldly fame for a brief season

We have said that David Purviance was not ambitious; and he was not, after the sort the sons of this vain world call ambition. Yet he was not without ambition to God. He was ambitious that his name should be enrolled in heaven, in the Lamb's book of life. Then, however it might be disregarded on earth, it would be had in honor and lasting remembrance before the Lord. This of all distinctions he considered by far the noblest.

In the year 1803, as is known to all, Barton W. Stone, and other clergymen, seceded from the Presbyterian Church, and shortly after instituted upon the Bible a church and styled it Christian Church. David Purviance was a ruling elder in the church at Cane Ridge, and he united with Stone and others, and was shortly after ordained to the ministry. He preached extensively and to great profit. .

He was the first preacher in the Christian Church, so styled, that publicly repudiated infant baptism and insisted that the immersion in water of a believing penitent was the only baptism known to the New Testament. Elder Purviance has given a history of the first immersion that took place in the Christian Church, in a recital of some early events, furnished by him to the biographer of B. W. Stone, which may be found on the twelfth page of the "Life of Stone." That account is unquestionably true. The writer was present and witnessed the occurrences of that memorable day. It took place early in the month of July, in the year 1807. That fall Elder Purviance removed to Ohio. His departure from the church at Cane Ridge was deeply regretted.

But he returned on many a visit, and was always wel-

comed in the most cordial and affectionate manner. He proved a blessing to many pious souls in his old Cane Ridge Church on such visits. Many and many of his wise and affectionate discourses are still vivid and warm to the heart of the writer, and he trusts will be more and more operative till we meet again and embrace each other in the kingdom of glory.

The writer now closes these hasty sketches of the political life and times of Mr. Purviance. His Christian character, private and public, he earnestly recommends to the pen of the able and faithful historians who shall portray to the world, in its just light, the virtues and excellencies of this amiable and venerated man of God.

WILLIAM ROGERS.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } S. S.
County of Union. }

I, George M. Slifer, Notary Public in and for Union County, Pennsylvania, do hereby certify that E. A. DeVore and Arthur N. DeVore personally appeared before me and being duly sworn testified that the foregoing thirteen pages of typewritten matter is a true and accurate copy of pages 16 to 45 inclusive. Being a short portion of Chapter III., introductory and all of Chapter IV. from the biography of Elder David Purviance, which was edited by his son, Elder Levi Purviance, and published in Dayton, Ohio, for the author by B. F. & G. W. Ells in 1848; that the copy was made by Arthur N. DeVore and was compared with the original by the assistance of E. A. DeVore with the book which is now in their possession.

To which affidavit they hereto affix their respective signatures.

A. N. DEVORE, [Seal]
E. A. DEVORE. [Seal]

Witness: IDA G. DEVORE.

In testimony whereof I hereunto affix my signature and notarial seal this 26th day of July, 1895.

[SEAL] GEO. M. SLIFER, Notary Public.

Arthur N. DeVore is the eldest child of Rev. Elcharles Arthur DeVore, who is the youngest child of Nicholas F. DeVore, who was an intimate friend in the church with Elder David Purviance and Barton W. Stone. N. F. DeVore was the son of David DeVore, one of the earliest members of the Christian Church in Ohio, and in whose house meetings were held for several years preceding the erection of Liberty Chapel, Brown County, Ohio, which is the first meeting-house erected by the Christians in the bounds of the Southern Ohio Christian Conference. David DeVore was the son of Nicholas DeVore, soldier of the Revolution and a friend of Washington, who settled at Washington, Kentucky, and resided there at the time of the great revival at Cane Ridge; and at that time withdrew from the Baptists and joined with the Christians, and both he and all of his lineage above named have continued only in church relationship with "Christian" churches ever since.

E. A. DEVORE.

THE END.